LOOK OUT FOR WONDERFUL DETECTIVE STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

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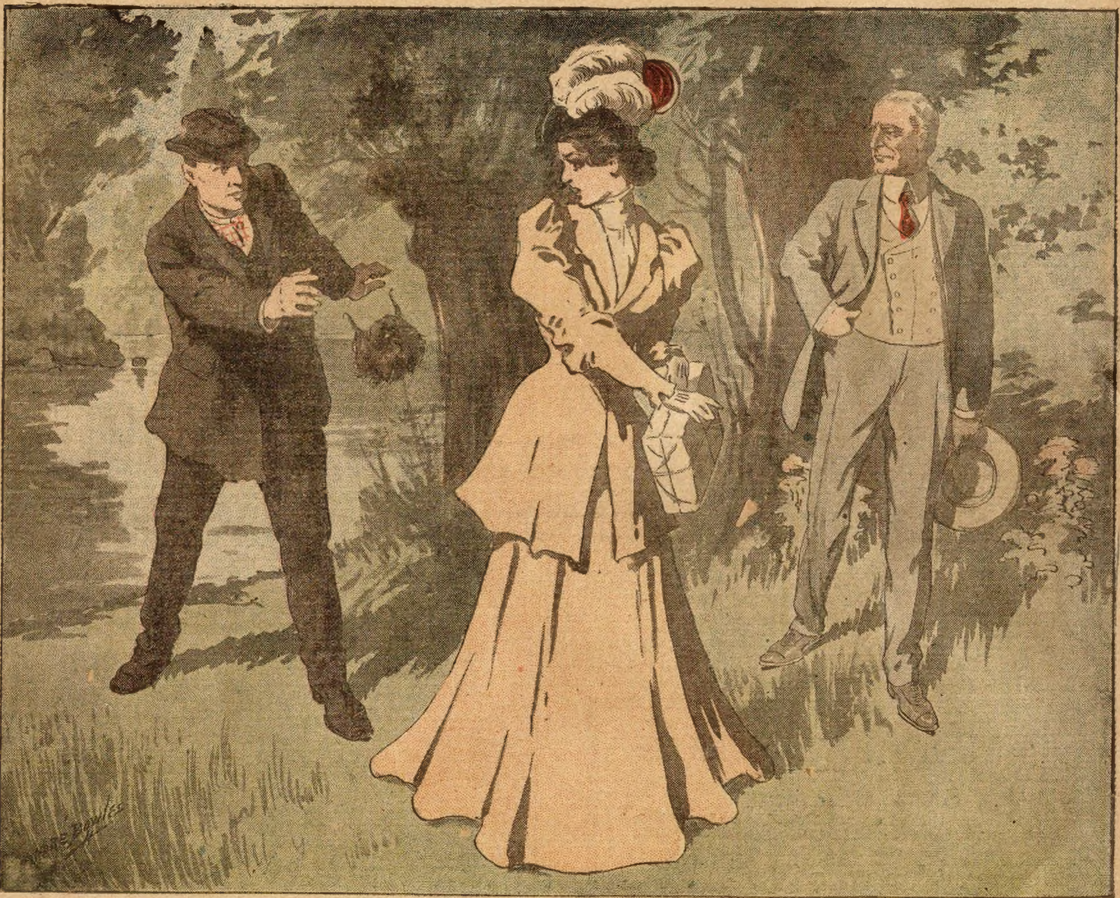

THE BLACKLISTED MAN

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

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Never a man of sixty summers sought a rendezvous of love with blither step, never a man, old or young, walked to his doom with less intimation of disaster's approaching presence. Jason Hume wore the jocund flush of youth that day as easily and lightly as if it had been a genuine garment of glory and strength instead of, as it really was, youth's shadow cast by love and expectation. Perhaps the passion that possessed him, that quickened his limbs and lood as from the fire and fervor of a vine liquor, was of a piece with the pas-on that seems youth's natural portion, ut, owing to his years, it was unquestion-bly less likely of requital.

He had, with certain qualms of misgivings, unlocked a private drawer in the vault of his bank—the Hume Trust and Loan Bank—and taking therefrom a leather jewel-case had slipped it in his breast pocket. He had tenderly brushed the dust from the case with silk kerchief, glancing furtively and rather confusedly toward old Benson, bookkeeper and, in Jason's absence, cashier. But Benson had been busy with his ledgers, and the country banker had slipped out and wended his way down through the small town with such ineffective assumption of nonchalance as an elderly man, who was very much in love, might guiltily attempt. As he presently emerged from the restraining presence of tree-embowered cottages and entered a path that led downward through a grove to the banks of a small river, such cold doubts as had touched his consciousness slowly evaporated; the charm of the late May weather and the transfiguring spell of love came fully upon him.

He half regretted that he had brought the box of jewels with him; it now seemed unfair and well-nigh silly to test the quality of her affection by flashing upon her sight the dazzling things that lay in his pocket, the bright relics of the one great passion of his early years. He heard bees droning musically among the waxen blossoms of the basswoods, the soft south wind brought mingling threads of delicate perfume, birds flung down bright scraps of song to him, and the little river rang many tiny bells of silver along the sandy shallows. Looking about him and listening with a smile, he half whispered:

"Pshaw! why should I be such a fool? Of course she really loves me!"

The root of this rather mystical remark lay in the fact that Mrs. Mary Holden, a widow now these five years and pledged to wed with Jason in the approaching month of June, was not yet quite thirty years of age, and had plighted her troth with a reluctance that had clung in Jason's consciousness with something of the disquieting nature of a grain of sand under the mollusk's tender lip. With the mollusk's instinct for personal comfort, he had been trying to turn the prickly atom into a pearl, but with small success; the irritating angles of the thing would not smooth out with all the nacreous applications of self-complaisance at his command. He could not rid himself of the plain knowledge that it was a rather far cry from thirty years to sixty, from the almost girlish physical and mental qualities of Mary Holden to his own gray and mature condition. Yet he knew himself to be rather unusually well preserved, a robust, florid-faced, good-humored, partly bald man, whose plethoric pocketbook had shielded him from most of the bare-knuckled blows received by common men in life's contest. Still, indubitably there was an abashing gap, that long leap of years from thirty to sixty. He had wished deeply, yet none the less helplessly, that it were not so.

As he walked along under the green trees his memory ran back to his first meeting with Mary Holden six months before; how he had started with a distinct and pleasurable interest when her face appeared for the first time at the depositor's window in his bank, and how she naively told him that she desired the highest rate of interest on the thousand dollars she had brought with her, since it was all that remained of a considerable sum of money paid her by an insurance company upon her husband's death; how she had, with her two small children, but just moved into a cottage on the hillside across the river, and how she had fared badly in loaning money accruing from her husband's death, and how in her lack of wisdom in such matters she had thought best to ask him to put this last remaining thousand out at interest for her, arranging for such security as would prevent her losing it. Jason was glad that he had arranged the matter for her, declining any remuneration for his trouble beyond her obvious gratitude.

Thereafter he had called at the cottage on the hillside with increasing frequency. Little Austin and tiny Nannie, the children, delighted him, while their young mother grew into a creature of glamour and sweetness and wonder, seen by the elderly man through that transforming mist of gold that nature mercifully, or unmercifully, flings across the lover's eyes. The town had nodded and winked and gossiped, but Jason had proceeded steadfastly and honorably with his wooing and without other concern than the successful issue of his ardent adventure. But a week before this May day, in the warm light of which he was walking toward the alluring cottage on the wooded hillside, he had made avowal of his passion to Mary Holden; the manner of his love's acceptance had been the influence that had caused him to place the box of jewels in his pocket upon setting forth to again visit the woman whose love to him was of such exceeding consequence.

As he now approached a narrow bridge that continued the path across the little river, he came to a rustic bench in the shade of a clump of flowering alders near the stream's marge, and turned aside and sat down upon the inviting seat. He had a mind to loiter a little and think things over. It was a drowsy close, a nook inviting reverie and rumination, and here, without premonition or hint of gentleness, Fate delivered its blow. Had he known what sort of destiny lurked there, what unbelievable bitterness was stirring at the bottom of his cup, he possibly might have met the shock in great quiet but hardly with greater wisdom and fortitude. After all, though his heart-adventure met almost upon its threshold with its final astonishing denouement, there was a quality of mercy in the disaster; the blow might have seemed far heavier had it fallen later.

As it was, he leisurely lighted a cigar, took off his Panama hat and fanned his warm face, and sat smoking and thinking. Presently he took from his pocket the case of jewels and turned it about in his hands, experiencing a disturbing throe of shame as he looked at the monogram upon the silver name-plate, the initials of the girl he had married thirty years before. He opened the case presently and took from it a necklace of diamonds, leaving in the silk-lined box a diamond brooch and ring. He lifted the necklace into the light and gazed at it, both saddened and delighted as its stones leaped alive with darting sparkles. As he held it up, moving the flaming facets of the gems across a dancing glow that shimmered upward from the sun-smitten waters before him, a bearded, hunger-haunted face pushed itself into the open from the shrubbery a few paces behind him. The cheeks of the protruding face were tanned and thin, the mouth worked in the beard with an excited twitching, the eyes, of a brown color, took fire at sight of the costly gems as from a sudden ferocity of covetousness. The face stood out in wild eagerness for a moment then drew back from view.

Through the brain of the gray man on the bench odd thoughts were flitting. "I wonder if a man ever really and wholly loves a second time?" his thoughts were whispering. "Yes, surely, but it is not quite the same as the first love; it exacts less, it expects less, it has a larger quality of kindness, it seems to me. Yet, I wish I knew the whole truth about her love, the little woman in the cottage up there on the slope! I wonder if it has been entirely outgrown, that regard which she must have had for her husband? I wonder if she, too, has misgivings? When I look at these shining things—it is odd how clearly the dead can come back! It has been years and years, and yet her dead eyes open and sparkle again in the sparkle of these gems—it is queer how plainly I see these gleaming on her slim, white throat, as they did that day when we were married! Pshaw, I'm a maudlin old fool!"

This last thought broke audibly and disgustedly from the banker's lips, and with the issue of the exclamation the wild face again emerged from the shrubbery and after it the ragged figure of a man. He was slightly above the medium height, gaunt, long-haired, ill-shod, a startling, menacing shape. In one hand he held a heavy club, about which his thin fingers gripped tremblingly. Soft-footed as a panther he stepped across the grass toward Jason Hume. The latter, steeped in his love problem, dropped the necklace upon its pillow of silk, but continued looking down upon the jewels musingly.

"I suppose I am acting like a born idiot," he muttered in his abstraction. "I am surely a doubting Thomas! Well, if she looks upon these, my dead wife's jewels, unmoved and without jealousy or resentment, it will look pretty bad for me. I ought not have brought them, she may think I am trying to tempt her. Still, that cannot well be, since she has promised to marry me a month from now! And, after all, why shouldn't I wed Mary Holden? She is a good woman and her children need a father's care. Poor girl, she's had a pretty hard struggle, I fancy. Well, I'll be good to her; she shall have luxuries—she shall have these diamonds and more if she wants them—fudge! I'm a doting old calf, sitting 'round dreaming and talking to myself like a lovesick boy! No fool like an old—"

He glanced over his shoulder and the last muttered word merged itself into an explosive cry. The terrible shape behind him, leaning forward with the club uplifted, had stopped in the very act of striking, as if transfixed by the words that had fallen from Hume's lips. With the next instant the sturdy figure of the banker had risen upright, the box of jewels pitched to the ground, his hand flew to his hip pocket, but, as if in the same breath, the stranger leaped forward and struck. The blow grazed the older man's head, and with the next moment the two were locked together in a mad but wordless struggle. There were no blows dealt, there being no room for them, and each man presently found his throat in the other's clutch and life's very gravest concern a matter of endurance and breath. The struggle carried them almost into the waters of the river and back again to the spot where the diamonds flamed in the grass. There Jason, daft with the agony of suffocation, threw the lighter man. They fell almost upon the gems, and suddenly the stranger loosened his bulldog grip from his antagonist's neck and seized the shining stones. He started to rise, but Jason, who had struggled to his knees, dealt him a cruel blow with his heavy fist and the tattered man sank forward on his elbows dazedly, but still clutching the gems. With the next moment Jason was upon his feet, and whipping a pistol from his pocket, cocked and leveled it at the man upon the ground.

"You scoundrel! You d——d wretch!" he cried, and pressed the trigger. The weapon snapped but did not explode and he quickly cocked it again and aimed. By this time Jason's ragged assailant had risen to his knees; pantingly he glanced at the leveled pistol before him and the rage-empurpled visage back of it, then suddenly he dropped the jewels and spread his arms wide and shouted:

"Shoot! shoot! Kill me now that you have the chance and the justification for the deed, then you can legally marry my wife! I am her dead husband! I am David Holden!"

It was straight melodrama, a scene that might have roared itself out on the boards of a cheap theater, yet there it was playing itself in quivering flesh and blood, without audience or applause, in the broad glare of the sun beside a heedless country stream.

At the man's words Jason fell back with a rasping intake of breath, the pistol fell to his side and he stared at the speaker with an expression of countenance indescribably mingling anger and fright. "What's that? What was that you said?" he demanded, laboring for breath.

The tanned and dusty fellow got to his feet and stood wavering; manifestly the wild struggle had sadly shaken his strength. A queer kind of laugh interrupted his panting. "I said that I am David Holden, husband of the lady you wish to marry. I belong up in the cottage there—"

"You lie, her husband is dead!"

"Yes, I know it very well. I've been dead for five years."

Jason himself now laughed, his throat gave off a single short, derisive bark of mirth, then his teeth came together with a snap and he leveled the pistol. "You lying vagabond!" he grated, "you thieving brute! Do you imagine I am going to be tricked with such nonsense? You creep out of the woods here, you dirty snake, and try to brain me, you attempt my life and snatch these jewels, then you spring this cunning statement to divert me! I'll kill you, d——n you, as I would a toad! I——"

The leveled pistol shook in his hand, but despite his fright and rage he could not pull the trigger; what the man had said seemed to beat against the pointing weapon like an invisible wave of force. Besides, in the outrageous courage of this vagabond there was something puzzling, daunting, for he stepped straight toward Jason and flung his ragged coat apart from over his breast, and with his heart almost against the pistol, looked into the older man's eyes and said:

"Yes, sir, I intended to strike you down, I intended to take the jewels, but I have not lied. I am Mary Holden's husband just as surely as there is a God looking down upon us! Now shoot!"

Jason backed away and again dropped the pistol to his side, he steadied himself with one hand upon the arm of the rustic seat and looked at the man before him; the older man was visibly trembling, the light touched his sparse gray hair glintingly, the glow that the sun smote up from the flowing water in front of them beat against his blue eyes, turning them an odd green, he breathed heavily and deeply; the younger man looked at him steadily, a faint pallor showing through the tan of his face, his coat still drawn back from his breast invitingly. "It is your opportunity," he said, "no man will blame you, the bullet will clear the way for you; it would probably be better so."

Jason's fingers worked on the pistol butt, gripping and loosening convulsively, his eyes had in them the merciless gleam of the eyes of a tiger that fights for the female it desires, yet fingering at his heart was the restraining influence of generations of civilized men. He brushed his hand across his wet forehead and looked about him then again at the man before him. "This is astonishing," he broke out hoarsely. "I can't comprehend it. The lady up there has promised to marry me in a month from now—I believe her and love her, and yet you come here, a ragamuffin, and say—well, I'll let you explain yourself; you explain, and explain clearly and quickly. If when you are through I still doubt, if you have manifestly lied, then I'll kill you as I would a hyena or any other pilfering beast! Now, go on!"

The man looked at him a moment in silence, a dry film of a smile flashing across his face. "You don't make it particularly easy for me, do you? Well, I will explain; no doubt it is due you. I will tell you the story, as sad and strange a story, I fancy, as you have ever heard. When you have heard it your perplexity will increase for you will know that it is true. Still, knowing it is true, you may kill me, for then my wife would become your wife, my children become as your children. No man would blame you, seeing what I have attempted here, no one would identify me, that is, if you kept Mary from seeing me; she might recognize me, especially if some of these things I have on were removed. You see, I may not be exactly what I seem." He paused, and again a grayish glint of humor crossed his face. Jason made no verbal response, the muscles about his strong mouth twitched slightly, his fingers alternately gripped and relaxed on the pistol's butt, his green-gray eyes flamed steadily against the stranger's face, but he said no word; in silence, but with beaded brow and heavy breathing, he watched the golden mountain of his dreams sink down and dwindle to a flat waste of ashes.

"I am now thirty-two years of age, I was twenty-seven when I died, died to my family, to the world, to all men," the stranger went on. He came a step nearer Jason and met his defiant, scornful stare with a level intensity of regard that would have been disconcerting to a less interested man. But a moment before the two had been struggling physically, now their spirits met eye to eye and wrestled. "I wedded Mary Holden when I was twenty-two and she was twenty," the man continued. 'She was Mary Windom when I married her. Two children were born to us, little Nannie and Austin, you no doubt know them well. I was a locomotive engineer, I made fair wages and we were happy. A strike came on, I was a leader in it. There was a long, harsh, bitter struggle, but finally we strikers lost. After it was over I found myself on the blacklist. I had been active in the fight and was charged with criminal violence. They could not prove me guilty, neither could I prove myself innocent, yet I was innocent. When I tried to get employment I found myself blacklisted everywhere, every road had me on the list as a dangerous man. Twice I changed my name and got a position at the throttle, but each time they found me and discharged me. Times were not good then and we became very poor. I turned bitter, discouraged, the prey of black despair. I tried to work at other things, but I always failed; I was bred and trained to railroad work, I knew nothing else, and railroad work was utterly denied me. I was a branded man, the lash of condemnation was held over me, I was as a man lying under a lion's paws. The situation for me was dementing, hideous!

"Well, Mary fell ill and by times the children were sick. I became involved in debt, a cloud of shame and humiliation settled upon me; strong as I was, I could not earn a living for those I loved, the wolf of want, fanged and hungry, came in at our door. I grew morose, thin of body, unnatural of mind, I lived in a state bordering on madness. I was feverish and wildly eager to labor, yet I was alway weary, my mind would not rest, I could get no natural sleep. I dreamed of robbing banks, of throttling rich men, rivers of diamonds sparkled before me but I could not reach them, gold arose before me in shining heaps but I could not touch it, for my hands and feet were tied; even when I was awake I had the horrible feeling that my hands and feet were tied! I was afraid that I would kill some one, that I would commit robbery and bring disgrace and sorrow to Mary and the children; I was shocked and horrified at my own inclinations. Then there evolved in me a determination that you may understand but can never wholly realize; there was one solution of the situation, a path outward by the way of tragedy.

"There was an insurance on my life for five thousand dollars; dead I was worth five thousand dollars to my family, alive I was

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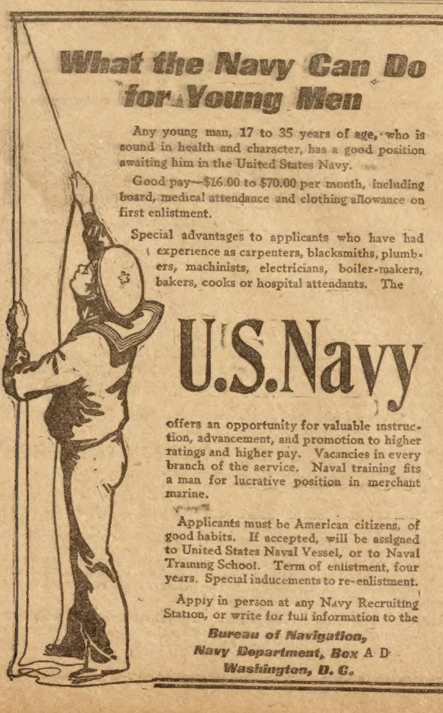

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Any young man, 17 to 35 years of age, who is sound in health and character, has a good position awaiting him in the United States Navy.

Good pay—$16.00 to $70.00 per month, including board, medical attendance and clothing allowance on first enlistment.

Special advantages to applicants who have had experience as carpenters, blacksmiths, plumbers, machinists, electricians, boiler-makers, bakers, cooks or hospital attendants. The

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offers an opportunity for valuable instruction, advancement, and promotion to higher ratings and higher pay. Vacancies in every branch of the service. Naval training fits a man for lucrative position in merchant marine.

Applicants must be American citizens, of good habits. If accepted, will be assigned to United States Naval Vessel, or to Naval Training School. Term of enlistment, four years. Special inducements to re-enlistment.

Apply in person at any Navy Recruiting Station, or write for full information to the

Bureau of Navigation,
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AN OLD EDITOR

Found $2,000 Worth of Food

The editor of a paper out in Okla. said: "Yes, it is true when I got hold of Grape-Nuts food, it was worth more than a $2,000 doctor bill to me, for it made me a well man. I have gained 25 pounds in weight my strength has returned tenfold, my brain power has been given back to me and that is an absolute essential, for I am an editor and have been for 35 years.

"My pen shall always be ready to speak a good word for this powerful nutritive food. I had of course often read the advertisements regarding Grape-Nuts, but never thought to apply the food to my own use, until, in my extremity and sickness the thought came to me that it might fit my case. The statements in regard to the food are absolutely correct, as I have proven in my own case. One very fortunate thing about the food is that while it is the most scientifically made and highly nourishing, concentrated food I have ever known, it has so delicious a taste that it wins and holds friends." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Just a Boy.

"Hold on!" said the learned chemist. "Didn't I give you a bottle of my wonderful tonic that would make you look twenty years younger?"

"You did," replied the patient, "and I took it all. I was then 39 and now I am only 19."

"Well, then will you please settle this little bill you owe for the treatment?"

"Oh, no. As I am only 19 now, I am a minor and minors are not held responsible for the bills they incur. Good-day, sir."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Calling the Turn.

"I suppose," said the city girl who was passing a week in the country, "that you know all the different flowers?"

"I reckon mebby I do," replied the old farmer.

"What does a forget-me-not look like?" queried the girl.

"Oh," replied the horny-handed son of toil, "it's jist a ordinary knot in a string th' ole woman ties around my finger when I go t' teown an' she wants me t' git sunthin' fer her."

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She dressed in pretty colors and changes color of her skirt herself when it is go to rain. She indicates when it is wise take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St. Chicago.

(Continued from page two.)

worth almost nothing. The thing was essentially monstrous, yet it was a fact, an appalling truth. I ought to have been willing to work in the ditch, to have struggled in the very slime of labor, I suppose, rather than take the path of self-destruction, even for so high a purpose. But, remember, I was not quite natural; brooding and hatred and injustice had clouded my vision. To kill myself and thus bring Mary and the babies comfort and plenty loomed before me as a golden deed, a kingly virtue. I loved them, God in Heaven knows how I loved them, and could I see them live and suffer when so easy and sweet a thing as oblivion for myself would bring them plenty? Thus I fabricated sophistry!

"Another fact arose, pushing me toward the deed; the premium on the insurance policy would soon fall due. I saw no way that I could meet it; if the policy lapsed, then—well, my loved ones would have no protection! I did not wait. One night I arose in the darkness and silently kissed Mary as she slept, I felt about and found the two little ones in their small bed and kissed them, then with a lantern and a revolver I went out under the stars, my mind made up to the deed, to lay my life down for my wife and children. I went through the small town—a railroad division station—and came to the edge of a wood. An old and uninhabited house stood there. I entered it, for somehow I could not take my life while out in the open with millions of stars looking down upon me like watchful, dazzling eyes. I walked about the lonely house, praying God to forgive me. I opened a door into a small room and there, leaning against the wall, sat a man dead!

"He looked to have been a tramp, an outcast, and apparently had been dead for weeks. I gazed upon him filled with inexpressible horror. Must I become as that grinning, ghastly thing? I turned back, feeling my life suddenly grow fearfully precious. Then a startling thought occurred to me; here was a man already dead, a substitute, a senseless thing that would fill my place!' I threw my revolver down by the dead man, I then set fire to the old house and passed out. I scrawled a note saying that I would here die of my own hand, placed it in my coat pocket and threw the coat upon the ground near the old house and fled away across the fields.

"All transpired as I had anticipated; the next day they found the charred bones and the revolver among the ashes of the burned house, they found my coat nearby and the tell-tale bit of writing. Clearly I was dead! In a few weeks five thousand dollars, the amount of my insurance, was paid to Mary; she and the babies were sheltered against want, but I was dead, dead and my bones buried! Do you wonder that my breath comes short when I think of it, that I am hoarse and trembling now that for the first time I tell the story, this secret that I have carried about in my starving heart through five years?

"You fully conceive the situation? For love of this woman you wish to marry I had purposed giving my life, missing that, I had committed a crime for her. If the insurance people knew that I lived, if they found me, then what would happen? Poverty again for Mary and the babies and for me the penitentiary! I could tell my story to no man, I wandered about the land in different disguises and under different names, I lived and I was David Holden, yet I was dead and had no real name! I must always remain dead, yet I lived and loved my wife and children. God, could I but have ceased to love them or have died indeed! Once each year I came back to the place where they lived, and miserably disguised as a tramp, begged for food at their door that I might look upon their faces. I could not give them up, I could not give them up! I sometimes sent them money by roundabout means, but always in terror lest I might be found out; I lived in terror, too, lest Mary should wed with some other man, involving herself unconsciously in crime.

"For five years I have wandered and suffered. Today, following my loved ones from the town from which they had lately moved, I came here, garbed wretchedly as you see, yet thrilling with hope that I might catch a glimpse of them, just to know that they were well, just to know that Mary was still true and free. And what did I find? You here, musing over your love for my wife, maudling over these costly jewels that you are to give her, you whom she has promised to marry! The sight drove me wild, I became an insane man, I attempted to brain you, to strike you down and grasp these gems. What for? To defeat your unlawful love, to sell the gems and pay back to the insurance company the money out of which they had been defrauded, then I could stand before the world a living, free man, again I could have my wife and children! That which I attempted here, like that which I perpetrated five years ago, was crime and madness, yet, I ask you, what will a man not do for love? Now, knowing the full truth, if you wish my life, take it!" He ended passionately, almost fiercely, and standing at his full height, faced the older man squarely.

Jason looked him steadily in the eyes for what seemed a long time, then he slowly sank down upon the seat by which he had been standing. The diamond necklace and brooch burned in the short grass near his feet, the jewel-box lay on the ground not far away, a splendid ring sparkling in its silk like a knot of clear fire held fast between pale lips. His vision crossed these mocking baubles almost unseeingly and [illegible]ted toward the cottage among the trees [illegible] the river; his beardless lips [illegible]ed and his damp brow knotted as [illegible] pain. Sounds came down through the [illegible]ees from the cottage, the thin, sweet [illegible]ughter of children at play and the noise of a dog barking joyously; a brown-thrush broke out singing almost above the two men, a king-fisher flew by passing up the river with chattering cries. Jason turned toward the stranger after a time, the green gleam gone from his eyes but with his big right hand still nervously nursing the pistol. He hesitated a moment then said:

"I believe you are not lying, but what if your—if Mary Holden now loves me and not you? She has promised to marry me—she must love me. If so, what then?"

A perceptible tremor shook the ragged fellow, he looked toward the cottage a moment, then suddenly stepped toward Jason and reached out his hands. "Give me the revolver," he said quickly, "and I will take my life and end it all! That will solve it! If I had been half a man I would have done so long ago!"

The banker got up from the seat quickly, a look of terror in his eyes. "No! no!" he half shouted, backing away, "what sort of a man do you think I am?" Then suddenly they were both rooted in silence; light feet were coming down the path through the trees beyond the stream. Jason broke the oppressive pause. "It is Mary—it is Mrs. Holden coming!" he said hurriedly, then after another moment of listening. "Get back among the shrubbery here and watch and listen! What she says shall determine if you are to remain an outcast and a wanderer. Nerve yourself and be quiet!"

Again a tremor shook the man. "Yes, I will listen, I will bear my fate," he said, "but give me the pistol! If she loves you then I will go back among the trees and do the deed! You will hear the shot and know that she is free and that you may marry her legally and honorably! Quick! hand me the weapon!"

"Never, never! I will not be a party to such an act, not even for her! Stand back, keep your hands off!" The banker's words came throaty and quick, but the next moment the stranger had grasped the weapon and wrenched it from his hand.

"I will be responsible, not you!" he said and leaped back among the greenery and was still.

Jason Hume turned about, weak and shaking. He placed his hat upon his head and picked up the jewels and placed them in the case with trembling fingers. The drama of which he was a part hung at the crisis. A few yards away, screened by green leaves, crouched a desperate man, a man believed long dead, and Jason was to make love to the man's wife, to test her heart's faithfulness! Would the hidden man, when he heard the woman's verdict, turn the pistol against his own life or Jason's? The big man in the open looked about him then sank down upon the rustic seat; his lips set themselves in an iron line, his hands stopped twitching; as the woman's steps approached across the bridge he looked straight before him, straining to master himself. When, upon seeing him, she stopped with a little cry, he arose and took off his hat and bowed to her.

"I was on my way to see you, Mrs. Holden," he said stiffly, "but is is so fine here I was tempted and sat down a moment. Won't you sit down a few minutes? The shade and the smell of these alder blooms are very pleasant." He had a strained, courtly air, and a smile that was somehow not a smile touched his face.

The woman came forward with a laughing, "Thank you, Mr. Hume; it is pleasant here," but she did not at once sit down. She was a pretty woman with light-brown hair and hazel eyes, dressed neatly in light summer stuff. She looked singularly frank, sweet-tempered and honest. "I am going over to town to deliver a gown that I have just finished for Mrs. Park," she went on. "I did not expect you until evening." She smiled up at Jason pleasantly, then looked at him curiously and more soberly. His face had a congested cast, there was a drawn twist about his nostrils and mouth as with a man who lifts hard on a great weight. "You do not look as if you were well," said. "Won't you come up to the house? I need not deliver this gown until after while."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Holden, I—I—well, I ran across something in the safe this morning and I thought I would let you look at it. I hardly know what to get for a wedding gift and—and I thought perhaps this—I don't know if it would be proper and right, but I thought—anyhow, I wanted to talk with you, so I brought it." He ended the stumbling sentences by bowing and reaching the jewel-case toward her.

The woman sank upon the seat, and placing beside her the bundle she had been carrying, took the box of jewels and opened it. The blaze of the diamonds brought from her a delighted cry. "How beautiful! how very, very beautiful!" she exclaimed.

Jason's chin trembled slightly as he stood beside her. "They were once worn by a beautiful young woman, the woman who was my wife. She died while she was still young," he said.

Into the woman's face there came no trace of jealousy or resentment, hardly even a look of surprise. Her air was suddenly that of sadness, of a sympathy wholly impersonal. 'What tragedies many lives are!" she said, looking mistily at the gems.

Jason hesitated, he glanced toward the nearby shrubbery with shuddering confusion; he was as one wading into a cold stream, feeling that with the next step or yet the next the icy flood might rise above his lips and sweep him away.

"Yes," he said desperately, "looking at these—these mementoes, I asked myself if a man or woman ever really learned to love a second time. I know that some do; I know that I love you most sincerely. It is natural, no doubt, for you are still young and beautiful, but I am getting old and—and I wanted to ask you, Mrs. Holden, do you think you really care for me, really love me in the truest sense?"

She looked up at him simply and directly. "My friend, my very best friend," she said, "you will forgive me, I am sure, when I say that I do not love you as I loved David, the father of my children, the man who laid down his life for me. Here in my heart there is a sacred inner place into which no other man but he has ever or can ever come, and yet I care for you. Perhaps it is as a young woman might care for a father, I cannot say surely. Since David is no more it seems best that I should—should—Believe me, I would count it an honor to be the wife of so kind and good a man as yourself."

The gray man stood still for a few moments looking down into her frank, honest eyes. He seemed to reach deep back into his spirit and take hold of his selfishness and pull it up by the roots. Agitation and fear died out of him, his hands ceased to tremble, he looked at her steadily. "But if David Holden were alive and stood before you, what then?" he asked.

The woman sprang to her feet, her hands came together involuntarily, her face rushed full of light.

"Ah!" said Jason, "then for you flowers would suddenly blossom everywhere, the world would ring with music——"

She laid the tips of her fingers upon his arm and stopped him. "There, forgive me!" she said. "But why need you waken such thoughts and feelings in me? Why need we talk at such a time as this of those who no longer live?"

"But David Holden lives!" He spoke the words unflinchingly.

She turned upon him a shocked and injured look. "Why need you mock me, why jest with such a theme?" she demanded.

The big, gray man straightened to his full height, his features alive with feeling. "But I declare to you that your husband lives! And now, I charge you, take hold of the inmost forces of your nature, grasp your life and hold it fast lest it leave you in the shock, for David Holden is here!" The words leaped from him ringingly, a note of exultation in them as with one who puts a great and selfish temptation under his feet.

The woman looked about her with obvious fright, thrilled and bewildered by his astounding assertion. Almost with the next moment the stranger stepped into the open and came toward her with arms outstretched, the thirst of long waiting in his eyes, her name upon his lips. "Mary! my wife! Don't you know me? I am David!" he said entreatingly.

She recoiled before him, wide-eyed and frightened. "Who—who—I do not know this man!" she gasped. "What trick—what insult is this? I——"

Then the startling figure before her worked swift transformation. The man plucked away his ragged beard, pulled off a bushy wig, and flinging them aside, stood a dark-haired, clean-featured fellow, who looked upon her with shining eyes. "See, I am David!" he said again, and held out his arms for her. She staggered for a little and drew back, holding him in a look of joy and terror, then she came into his arms with a cry that brought a mist of tears to Jason Hume's eyes.

What they said to each other, these two, clinging together after five years of pitiful hunger, were not easily set down. It was hurried and but half coherent, joy's broken speech, rapture's drunken jargon.

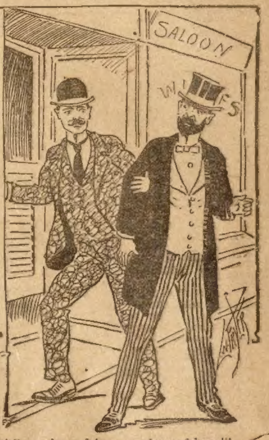
Jason stood aside and looked at them, nodding his gray head unconsciously; again a faint trembling came to his lips, again his hands shook, but his face was touched with smiling light.

"So ends my dream, swallowed up in their gladness," he half whispered. "It is better so, few earthly dreams end so well. Happiness, wise men say, comes of giving happiness; I shall have my share, I will help them to begin life anew." He picked up the gleaming necklace from the ground where it had fallen, and stepping close to the couple, drew the woman partly away from the man. "This would have been yours had you become my wife," he said, "but you have a husband; none the less the jewels are yours." He fastened the sparkling thing about her neck and looked at her with a smile. "It is valuable," he went on, "very valuable. Sell it and pay back to the insurance company the money out of which they were defrauded, pay the amount in full and with liberal interest. When they receive their own and know your story they would hardly be human if they did not forgive. The diamonds in the case lying here are also yours, do with them as you wish. The girl to whom they once belonged, I am sure, would approve this act of mine. Love this man and live with him, this man who thought to lay down his life for you. God bless you both. Good-by."

He gave a clasping hand to each of them. "If you need more help let me know," he said. The woman looked at him a moment then suddenly bowed her face upon his hand and kissed it, weeping; the one who was but newly returned as from death saw the gray man before him glimmeringly, as one sees something through blinding rain. He tried to shape words of gratitude but could not, and still, as one looking through glistening mist, he saw the man go from them, passing from sight among the trees, then he awoke to his wife's voice as to a sound of silver chimes in a wondrous dream.

"Hear the children laughing! Come, David, let us go to them," and they turned toward the bridge that crossed the sunlit stream.

(The end.)



"Come in and have a glass of beer!"

"No, indeed! In the first place, I'm a member of the temperance society; secondly, I've got to catch a train, and thirdly, I've just had three glasses!"

For a New Spring Hat.

The young wife watched her husband carefully fold a piece of paper and put it in the farther corner of a drawer in the library table, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease aroused her curiosity.

"What's that, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied trying hard not to smile.

Still she wondered what it was, and reasoned with herself that as he said it was nothing of importance she would look at it, and she did, at the first opportunity. This is what she found scribbled on the piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new spring hat your curiosity will not permit you to leave this alone."

How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?

Needed a New One.

"That story," remarked the man who had been listening to his wife's latest bit of gossip, "strikes me as being made of whole cloth."

"So much the better," rejoined the wife of his bosom. "All the old gossip in the neighborhood has been worn threadbare."

MEN ADMIRE

a pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, backache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

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By
WILLIAM H. MANNING.

THE TREASURE BEARERS;

Or
THE HAWK OF THE FURLAND.

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CHAPTER XVII.
THE VOYAGEUR GUIDE.

Lazare Colot and the wilderness, or Peter Korway and the island? This was the choice forced upon Helen. The partisan was absent and David was in drugged insensibility. Baptiste Proue and Louis Chardonnais were equally helpless. For the time being she could rely on none of them, and the crisis in affairs would not wait. She wondered that Korway had remained inactive as long as he had, but there were doubtless reasons for this.

When he stirred again she would be at his mercy. She shivered to think of it. He was Jason Bardell, and Jason was pitiless.

She turned and looked at Lazare Colot. He did not look an impressive figure as he stood there, rising but little above her own head, but this did not count. What she needed was faithfulness. Had he those qualities?

She had in the past been influenced by what other men thought of Lazare. They scorned him. They hated him. He had blood of which he never boasted, and his companions called it Sioux and sneered at him. Neither in looks, words or acts had he ever shown that he was undervalued.

Should she put her life and safety in his keeping?

Grave as were the doubts that hung over the voyageur, the choice was not hard between him and Jason Bardell. She told Lazare that she would go with him, and they turned and walked quietly away. Once she stopped short. Her heart misgave her for deserting David, and she was tempted to return and try to get him away, but further thought showed the folly of this plan.

Even if the unfortunate man could be removed from camp without attracting Jason's attention—and this was impossible—it would be out of the question to carry him away bodily. The lake was still so rough that the boat could not be used, and no other way was open to them.

Lazare had stood silent and motionless while she thought this out. When she again moved forward he led as before.

They reached the narrow neck which connected the point with the mainland and walked safely along the ledge. In a short time they were on the farther side. Beyond was a wide forest of varied growth and topography.

Lazare, nearly always impassive, said nothing, and Helen found the silence oppressive. She noticed that he carried a small parcel, and made out that he had taken blankets and some other articles.

Once more she paused abruptly.

"Barbe!" she exclaimed. "We must have the dog. Where is he? I have not seen him for a long time."

"Barbe is there," and the voyageur pointed ahead.

"There? How far away?"

"Maybe twenty rods, or maybe thirty. He waits for us."

The girl was puzzled. The dog was not one to leave his friends, and in the absence of Severn the animal had attached himself to her. His present absence perplexed her, but she was cheered by the latest intelligence and pressed on as fast as Lazare would go.

Barbe! His very name was a guaranty of protection. He was brave, strong, fierce to an enemy and devoted to his friends. In time of danger he counted for as much as a man. He had not the ability to plan like a human being, nor to analyze the schemes of others, but when peril was at hand he was a rock of refuge.

Lazare led on until he arrived at a thicket at one side of a stretch of pines. There he paused.

"Look within!" he requested.

Helen started to obey, but it was unnecessary. There was a sudden stir and Barbe appeared. He ran to Helen, reared on his hind legs and thrust his head against her. With vibrating tail and fast-playing tongue he told her of his love and devotion. She caressed him and felt new confidence. She had the dog, and his presence seemed to raise Lazare to a higher level.

"But how did you manage to keep him here while you were away?" she asked wonderingly.

The voyageur turned to the thicket, thrust in his hand and drew out some heavy object.

"What do you see?" he asked phlegmatically.

"It looks like an inland piece," said the girl with increased wonder.

"It is an inland piece."

So saying, Lazare lit a match. He waited until it burned its brightest and then held it close to the package. This he turned half over. The match went out, but he lit another while both kept silent. Again the light fell on the inland piece. Then the voyageur pointed.

"See!" he directed.

Helen saw, and she was astonished. On the piece was a slight mark; a mark placed there with a definite object in view, and yet a mark so slight that it had been thought incapable of attracting the attention of those not in the secret. It was the distinguishing sign of the package that contained the treasure.

The girl was speechless.

"You know this?" querried Lazare.

"What is it?" she asked guardedly.

"The bundle you want to keep secret and safe."

"How do you know that?"

"I have eyes; I have used them."

"How did it get there?"

"I brought it. Yes, and Barbe watched over it."

"But it—is——"

"The bundle you want to keep safe. Wait! I will talk later, but it is not safe to talk here. Jason Bardell may come. Can you carry the blankets?"

"Yes."

He passed them over silently, then he stopped, picked up the inland piece and lifted it to his shoulders. A portage strap was already attached, and he adjusted the band over his forehead and was ready for action.

"Come!" he directed, and started off with quick, light steps.

Helen's wonder increased. It had been thought that the treasure package was so like the seventy others in the boat that no one could distinguish it except its allotted guardians, yet there it was in the voyageur's possession as if it had been known to all as especially precious.

She yielded to his desire to speak no further concerning the package then, but she was not ready to defer other topics.

"Where are we going?" she asked presently.

"To Captain Severn," was the brief reply.

"But he is on Spur Island."

"We will take him off. We will go down the lake shore until near the island. Then I will build a raft and cross the water to him. If he stays there we will take him safe away. Then he will be with us to take the lead."

Helen was impressed by his quiet confidence, and she expressed her thanks warmly. But she thought of something else.

"Is there no way to aid David—I mean, to aid Ezra Dow? Yes, and Baptiste Proue and Louis Chardonnais?"

"Baptiste and Louis have given me no good words in times past," replied Lazare with unruffled composure, "but I would help them if I could. And Ezra Dow, too. He is a fair-minded man. He never sneered at me. Gladly would I aid him, but now, it is to help you or him. I give the help to you. He is—he may not be in danger. Surely, not as much as you were. I don't think"—the voyageur's voice grew uncertain, as if he disbelieved his own optimistic assertion—"I don't think they will do Ezra great harm. Even if that is their will, we can't stay to work for a drugged man now."

Toward the last of this long address Lazare was stirred out of his phlegmatic manner. Helen read between the lines and knew that, though he did not press the point, he regarded it as vitally necessary that she should be conveyed quickly and surely from Jason.

She sighed for David and said no more.

Lazare lost no time by the way. He adopted the same trot always used at portages, and the girl found it no easy task to keep pace with him. With unerring skill he chose the most open way, and rod after rod was left behind under his nimble feet. He made no pause, but now and then turned his head briefly and looked backward. In the darkness no man could trail them without a torch. This he kept watch for, in a measure, not expecting anything of the kind, but aware that Jason was full of expedients and activity.

After a long time he paused, removed the inland piece and placed it on the ground. Barbe at once lay down beside it. Lazare made a sound unusual to him, He chuckled.

"Good dog, good dog!" he exclaimed.

"How happened he to be with you?" asked Helen wonderingly.

"You shall hear. When the camp was still I slipped out of my blanket like a ghost. I left it there, and propped up with sticks to look as if I was in it. Then I went to the boat, took out the bundle and carried to the mainland. I had just set it down in the thicket where you first saw it when the dog appeared by my side."

"He had followed you?"

"Surely! Had he come up with me a moment sooner, one of us might have fared ill. As it was, Barbe growled and showed me his teeth. Ah! the good dog thought he saw a thief in me. Maybe he had heard the voyageurs sneer at me and call me Sioux—I, who have no Sioux blood! But Barbe and I talked it over. He said he did not want to be hard on me, but that he would give me five minutes to explain. Ha, good dog! Well, I talked with him. I had got to win his good will if I could. I tried hard, and we finally made our peace. So he lay down on the bundle, and I went back to camp for you."

"But, voyageur, how did you know that this inland piece was wanted?"

Lazare dropped his chin on his hand and seemed to sink into deep thought. Motionless for a time, he ended by shaking his head.

"I can't tell, for I can't seem to understand myself. All I can say is that the Great Spirit has given me eyes and a mind to study things out. Early in our voyage I saw that one particular piece was especially precious to your party. Captain Severn was sly and let nothing slip, but you and Ezra Dow betrayed yourselves. You watched over it, trying to hide the fact. I don't think that Proue or Chardonnais—no, nor Gouin, Carrel or the rest saw a thing of this. But I did see it. Then I looked more closely and discovered that the one piece you watched over had a slight but peculiar mark."

"Well, voyageur?"

"So I took it tonight."

"Do you know what is in it?"

"No, nor is it any of my business. You value it, and that is enough."

"But its presence here necessitates your carrying a heavy burden."

"You value it, and that is enough," repeated Lazare.

"Your employers and Captain Severn will greatly appreciate your noble devotion to duty."

The voyageur looked at her abruptly.

"Do you think I bend my back to this burden for them? Was I hired to carry one hundred pounds weight through woods where there is no portage? See!—when I first knew of this bundle I said, 'This is none of my business.' But what happened at the falls near Fort Frances changed all that. You saved my life there. Then I said to myself, 'This inland piece goes safely through though all others perish; it goes safe or I die in guarding it!' "

"You said this?" murmured Helen.

"To myself, to myself. I have watched that piece always. When we made a portage I was there, and if I could get that piece I did. Not often did this happen, though; of course the partisan stood in the boat and passed the pieces out to the voyageurs, and I noticed that he was fond of giving it to Proue or Chardonnais. But it sometimes fell to me, and then I was happy!"

Lazare had grown vehement, and this mood, so strange to him, disturbed Helen. Mentally, she thanked Heaven that this wild voyageur did not know she was a girl in disguise. His thankfulness for her service at Fort Frances might be as dangerous as his enmity.

Now he touched the treasure-package with caressing fingers. Barbe growled slightly, but made no hostile movement.

"It is here," added the voyageur, "and it shall be saved, or I die on the spot where it is lost!"

"This—this is very noble of you," faltered Helen.

"You saved my life; you spoke kindly to me. To you I was not a mongrel Sioux, fit only for jeers and scorn. Ah, girl, girl, I am ready to die for you!"

"Girl!"—the word fell on Helen's ears with crushing force. Her dangerous secret was known to this unlettered, untamed, unamiable creature of the woods and waters. Product of a land where no law existed but that of might, he was her only companion now.

Suddenly he fell upon his knees, caught her hand and pressed passionate, often-repeated kisses upon it, and meanwhile he shook like a storm-tossed leaf.

"I would die for you!" he repeated.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE PATH OF PERIL.

Helen was speechless and incapable of motion. At any time it would have been a strange sight to see one so silent and unsocial as Lazare break into such great vehemence, but, now, his fervent avowals, his unrestrained kisses on her hand and his betrayal of the fact that her sex was known to him—all this served to appall her. She seemed to have escaped a deadly enemy for a dangerous friend.

It was perhaps the greatest mercy of the night that fear rendered her momentarily speechless. Before she could utter a word, before she could think to withdraw her hand, before reproach or censure had passed her lips, Lazare Colot dropped her hand.

He drew back; he sprang to his feet.

"Forgive me!" he added huskily. "It was only this once. My lips shall never touch you again; no, nor my hand, unless to help you on. Girl, you don't know. You saved my life at the falls; you spoke kindly to me. To you I was not Lazare, the Sioux dog! For that I worshiped you, but I thought of you as of a far-away saint. No more. Now I have told you all, that you may see you can trust me, and I shall say no more. Days and nights may come and go, but you will never see me moved from my calm again. From this moment I am only your faithful helper, and no one shall show more respect. You shall see whether I am a vagabond Sioux or a man with a conscience."

He sat down on the inland piece and fell to stroking Barbe's head, and Barbe was graciously condescending.

Providence had given Helen quickness of apprehension, and she used the gift now. She saw, as a dull person would not have seen, that this strange man must not be judged like other men. Believing that sincerity had never been seated on a stronger throne than then, and that Lazare was to be trusted wholly, she wisely overlooked his recent manifestation of deep feeling and made no comment thereon. Too wise to utter even a mild reproof, she ignored his vehemence.

"Voyageur," she replied, "I am very thankful that I have so loyal a defender. You are very, very good!"

He shook his head slowly.

"A noble man," she added.

"No, mademoiselle," he responded. "I am a rough, wild man. There is no reason to praise me for what I have been. Still, that does not prevent me from serving one who has served me."

"You call me 'mademoiselle' and 'girl.' How long have you thought that those words applied to me, and how did you come to think so?"

"I don't know. We had not long been away from Toronto before it came to me. Why, I don't know. You acted your part well, and the other voyageurs did not suspect. This I am sure of, for if they had suspected they would have been quick to whisper the tale one to the other. Only I knew that you were a girl."

"And you did not tell it to others?"

"Never! I told nothing."

"Do you know my name?"

"No. To me you are Diane. Once, mademoiselle, I had a sister who bore that name. She was an angel! Ten years older than I, she died long ere I was old enough to go on a trail. Had she lived, perhaps I should not have been what I am. She was so good and saint-like! That is why I know you as Diane, her name. Diane, Diane! One gone; one yet here. Mademoiselle, one night—it was at the camp on the island in Lac des Mille Lacs—my sister came to me in a vision, as I slept, and she said to me, 'Lazare, be good to the little mademoiselle!' That was you. And when you saved my life afterwards I knew that she had foreseen all. Two Dianes; one gone, the other here. I will not forget!"

He rose slowly and calmly added:

"Let us go."

Helen drew a deep breath and gained her feet. Barbe vibrated his tail and thrust his nose into her hand, and new confidence came to the wandering girl. She had two protectors, and she had great faith in them now.

Lazare was his old self. He swung the inland piece up and adjusted the portage-strap; then, settling his burden into proper place, he started off at his old, easy trot.

Helen followed unhesitatingly where he led.

Her affairs had strangely changed. A few weeks before, after being reared in luxury, she had been the humble inmate of a well-appointed home and the heiress of twenty thousand pounds. Now she was a helpless rover of the north woods, and the twenty thousand pounds was being carried on the back of an unlettered voyageur.

After going another mile they came to where a broad, but shallow river emptied into the lake. Here Lazare paused, looked around him and chuckled.

"This is the place," he said.

"For what?" she asked.

"We shall be followed. Jason can trail well, and so can all the voyageurs. Our trail must end. When they come and see that no boat or raft has been launched here, they will think we have taken to the river, walking up it. Good!—we will take to the lake. The water is shallow here, but so dark that this cannot be seen. Those not familiar with it will suspect nothing, but will run up-river. Not so we. I know this region well. We will walk in water to yonder point."

"Can this be done?" Helen asked, doubtfully.

"Yes. Now let me leave Barbe to guard the inland piece and I will carry you to the point."

"No, no!" was the hasty response, "I, too, will walk in the water."

"Oh! no, no! It is sometimes three feet deep!" cried Lazare, in dismay. "Maybe it is cold, and surely it is wet, wet, wet!"

"The grave to which Jason Bardell would consign me is colder. It is not a time for fastidious choices. Lead on, voyageur!"

Lazare stood aghast. The idea of her wading in the deep water was too much even for his woodsman's mind. He protested and called attention to the long distance they must go, but she was firm. She shrank from being carried by him, and there was but one other way. Gently, but firmly, she repeated her last words.

He yielded, at last, but only after a look at the heavens. They must move promptly or day would find them without a hiding place. With a dismal shake of the head he again lifted the treasure and they went their watery way. Disagreeable as it proved, Helen never faltered.

The journed was completed, at last; they reached land without mishap, and without seeing any other person.

They were on a place like Beaver-tail Point, except that it was of much greater area. Connected with the mainland by a narrow neck, it spread out until its general shape was like that of a snow-shoe. And over its entire surface was a thick growth of basswood, oak and willow, with here and there a grove of pines, and plenty of undergrowth of various kinds. By that time day was breaking.

Lazare led the way to a spot which was so elevated that, while there was concealment for themselves, they could overlook much of the lake, and there halted.

"Rest, Mademoiselle, rest!" he directed.

Helen was glad to comply, and she sat by a tree while the voyageur hustled about with light steps and well-directed efforts. He built a fire, using dry wood, so that there would be no great amount of smoke; and procured pemmican for their breakfast. When this was warmed in a pan, their only cooking utensil, they began eating.

"Voyageur," said the girl, presently, "you say you have seen and known of Jason Bardell in the past. Tell me more of him."

"Jason, Jason?" returned Lazare, thoughtfully. "Who can tell his story as it sh be told? None but myself. I for though, his master, the evil one. That dark man with the horns and hoofs knows Jason well. He could tell the tale."

"But you know much of it."

"By hearsay, chiefly, Mademoiselle. We never spoke one to the other, and I think he never set eyes on me. Had he done so, he would likely have remembered. I saw him at Rupert House once, and twice in the wilderness. On the first occasion he was a prisoner at the post, charged with having murdered two friendly Indians for their stock of furs. He escaped, then. Next, twice in the woods. Once, he stood under a tree with a noose around his neck and grim men at the other end of it, but a chief trader came and talked of mercy, and Jason was handed over to him. How he finally escaped I don't know."

Lazare paused, but Helen faintly bade him proceed.

"Again I saw him in the wilds. I was in ambush, watching for deer. Five men passed by peaceably. When the Oakley boats left Toronto, this voyage, I saw two of those men by my side. They were Gouin and Lasure."

"Ah! He had placed them there to work against us. I see. And this is Jason's history!"

"In part. Jason is known at Rupert House, Norway House, and up and down the St. Lawrence. It is not that men in power know him well, but voyageurs tell of him by the night camp-fire. They whisper of him, because they fear him. It is said that nobody else can navigate the St. Lawrence so well as he. Down that way"—Lazare dropped his voice to a whisper—"they say he is a priate!"

Helen shivered and made no reply.

The voyageur chanced to look at her and checked himself.

"I do wrong!" he exclaimed. "I should not tell such tales to you. Forgive me! I am not used to speaking with delicate women. Stupid that I am, I should have held my peace. Brute!"

"Do not reproach yourself," responded the girl. "Painful as our situation is, I am glad to know about Jason. He stands revealed as he is. Let it rest at that. For ourselves, what next?"

"It is now broad daylight. Do you see the land to the West?"

"It is far off, but I can see it dimly."

"That is Spur Island."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "And Roger Severn is there!"

"Unless he has escaped, which is not likely. Now," added Lazare, briskly. "I will prepare a raft and we will go to our partisan."

Once more he was moving about in his active way, but he suddenly stopped and stood looking northward. Alarmed, Helen hastened to his side. She saw a boat nearing the point. Paling, she turned to the voyageur.

"It is our inland boat," muttered Lazare, his expression troubled. "Jason, Gouin—why, there are nine men in all. He has filled the empty seats with full-blood Indians. They are coming here. Nine men!"

"One man here," he added, and then glanced at Barbe. "Two men!"

He touched his knife restlessly.

"They will find us!" cried Helen. "We must go. Haste, haste!"

"Our trail!" murmured the voyaguer, and fell to gnawing his fingers and looking at the treasure package. "They will pursue, and they will go faster than I can carry the inland piece."

"Destroy it! Burn it, throw it in the lake!—anything to be rid of it. It breeds evil passions. Destroy it!"

"No!" cried Lazare. "It is yours; it is dear to you; it shall be saved. I will bury it where our fire has been, and draw ashes and coals over the spot. Maybe they will not suspect that anything is buried."

The speaker was not sanguine, for the device was old and had often been used in vain. To Helen, however, it was new. She caught at the hope.

"Dig then!" she directed. "But how?—you have no spade."

The voyageur went down on his knees and scraped the coals away with a brand. This done, he drew his knife, and, with only that implement and his hands to serve him, he began to pierce and raise the earth. His movements were astonishingly swift: his lithe fingers flashed here and there with bewildering rapidity. He labored as if for life.

But Jason and his party were now close to the shore.

CHAPTER XIX.

JASON DROPS HIS MASK.

There was a flashing of oars and a light boat went cutting rapidly across Lake of the Woods. Four gayly-clad voyageurs and one man in more civilized garments were its occupants. All the way from Toronto they had followed after a certain predecessor. Now, land was before them, and this they sought with haste. A merchant boat rocked in the shallow water by the shore, and they gazed at it fixedly.

"Well, Antoine," demanded the passenger, eagerly, "is it the craft?"

"It is one of the Oakley boats, sir," the voyageur answered.

"But where is the second one? Enough for now, though. Ashore, all!"

They leaped to land, secured their own craft and began ascending the wooded slope. Crossing the lake they had seen the second boat from a distance, had rowed the same way, and were now arrived. A light smoke rose from the basswoods on higher ground, and, pressing forward, they presently discovered men in camp.

"Good!" said Antoine. "It is Severn's crew. I see Goum, Carrel and Deroux. But see!—Indians are mixed in with them. What is this?"

The passenger had been using his own eyes, and he did not like the looks of the party, but, believing that Severn was near at hand, he put timidity aside and walked [illegible]ward openly.

"[illegible]n," he began, "where is Roger [illegible]rn?"

"Let me answer that question," replied [illegible] quiet voice.

A man pressed forward from the outskirts of the group, and stood plainly revealed to the newcomer. Tall, dark, cloaked and hawk-like, he was not strongly prepossessing, but sight of him meant something more than mere impressions to the person he confronted. The latter started, recoiled, gasped and fell speechless. He gazed at the last speaker as if dumfounded, and consternation was pictured on his face. Not so the person he confronted; a sneering smile and satisfied air marked that individual's manner.

Presently the newcomer found speech.

"Jason Bardell!" he gasped.

"My dear sir," responded Jason, "you are to be congratulated on an excellent memory. You make no mistake. I am Jason Bardell!"

"What are you doing here?"

"Greeting an old friend, to wit, John Jameson, profound jurist of Toronto, and sometime lawyer to Asa Bardell."

The newcomer looked about him nervously. He saw nobody that he wanted to see, but many who looked like scoundrels and dangerous companions.

"Since you are here," he said, "perhaps you will tell me where Severn is?"

"Surely, sir. He is at our other camp, mending our snow-shoes."

Gouin and his mates laughed loudly. Such rich humor was not to be heard in silence. But the sneering retort and the insolent laughter alike told Jameson that he was in a place of danger.

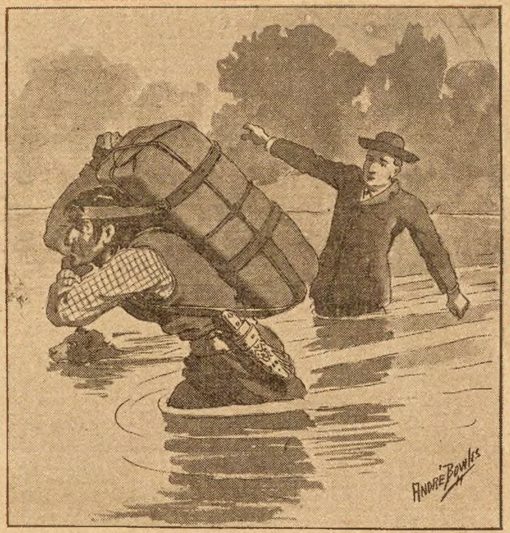
"The partisian's boat lies beyond, by the shore," he persisted. "I wish to know where he is."

"He shall be sent for in due time. Until then, make yourself at home here. Permit me to introduce to you White Wolf, a chief of the Chippewa nation, unwashed, but valiant. He is an old friend of mine, though I had not seen him in a year until we chanced to meet at Chocoloxie rapids, a few days ago. I requested him to follow me here, and he did so. Chief, this is one Jameson, a money-squeezer and law-shark of civilization. Watch your blanket, or the lawyer will steal it!"

The insult was not resented. Jameson had something else to think of then. White and red, all of this ill-favored party were looking at him in unconcealed hostility, and personal safety became a paramount consideration.

"I seem unwelcome," he replied, as calmly as possible. "I will depart. Men, come!"

He stepped back a pace, and Antoine and another man followed his example, but his other two voyageurs stood still.



Disagreeable as it proved, Helen never faltered.

"Come, Pascal and Georges!" he added.

"My sister," said Pascal, "is married to Moise Deroux. I will stay with Moise," and he stepped to the side of that person.

"I am an old comrade of Pascal's," said Georges, "and I will stay with him," and with this he joined Pascal.

Jameson had before seen that the circle of evil-favored men was gradually closing on him at the rear. Now, deserted by half his force, absolute fear fell upon him. He was in the power of Jason Bardell, and that man was merciless.

The hawk of the fur-land laughed unmusically.

"You see how it is, Jameson," he continued. "Your jolly boatmen want to tarry, and you must not be less sociable. Sit, man, sit!"

"My way lies elsewhere——"

"Not until I give my permission!" cried Jameson, harshly. "You are three men to a full twenty, and we never take no when we prefer yes. Not a step do you go until I say so. Do you hear?"

The lawyer unconsciously moistened his dry lips with his tongue and his face was pale, but he made a last effort to gain information.

"I ask you again, where is Severn?"

"That question I have once answered."

"In a ridiculous manner. Yet, one thing more. If, as you say, the partisan is at your other camp, where is that camp?"

"When I think it well, you shall know. Until then, tarry with us, Jameson. We are given to hospitality as the bird to the air. The best we have is yours, and, really, we can't part with you. Enough for now."

He was turning away, but Jameson stopped him.

"Am I to understand that you hold me prisoner?"

"That," replied Jason, with a disagreeable smile, "is my own understanding of the situation."

"Why?"

"Because," was the sharp retort, "it is my will. When I think you ought to talk again I will let you know. Louis Gouin, if these men try to escape, see what bullets will do to them!"

"My bullets," replied Gouin, grimly, "cut and kill!"

Jason nodded and walked away. For the time he was master of the situation, but he was far from being content. When the lawyer came he had been sitting apart, thinking. He went back to this occupation, but not as to a pleasant recreation. Perplexity pressed upon him.

It had been his intention to make the first move to gain the treasure at a later day, but circumstances had led him to sudden action. Beginning without due deliberation, he had not only made some mistakes, but fate had played certain tricks that upset his aims.

The escape of Helen and Lazare Colot from the camp on Beaver-tail Point would not have been possible but for an accident. When Gouin poured the drug into the tea drank by David Ridley, Baptiste Proue and Louis Chardonnais, he had accidentally spilled a small portion into what Jason, Gouin and their adherents drank—at least, that was the only way in which Jason could explain the fact that Helen and Lazare had been able to walk uninterruptedly out of camp. A light sleeper, himself, their movements would ordinarily have aroused him quickly.

When he awoke they were gone. Their footprints led away across the neck of land. Now, he had previously posted Francois Lasure there to prevent any such possibility, but Francois, too, was gone. If he had known that Severn had found Francois dead in the water by the neck, he might have surmised that his aid had found it fatal to try to stop Lazare. How Francois died was never told. If Lazare knew, he kept his own counsel.

Further, when Jason's open proceedings showed Michel Pera that outlawry was afoot, that voyageur had rebelled, and, though they had once beaten him to the ground, he had escaped from them; for the still-lingering drug made them sluggish, and had himself fled to the mainland.

Thus Jason had lost all knowledge of Helen, Lazare, and Para and Francois.

The arrival of the Chippewas had supplied him with plenty of men. A part he had taken into his own boat. The others he engaged for double service; first, to take David, Proue and Chardonnais to a more remote place and dispose of them forever, and, second, to trail down Helen and the missing men.

One detachment of the Indians were to go to Spur Island, and they knew what to do when they arrived.

For himself, Jason dared not leave the boat. One of the inland pieces was worth he knew not how much—his imagination often set the figure at fifty thousand pounds. He would not leave it, and he was reluctant to be without the services of Gouin, Carrel and Deroux.

Because of this, he had entrusted the other work to the Chippewas, but, now, he was questioning his own judgment. The Chippewas might prove treacherous. Faithfulness was not one of Jason's gifts, and he ranked the Chippewas, unscrupulous as he knew them to be, as about on his own plane in this respect. White Wolf, he knew to be treacherous.

But his perplexities did not end here. One of the inland pieces contained treasure. Which one? He did not know. How was he to learn, in secret, and then possess himself of it? Not even Gouin knew of the treasure. He, Carrel and Deroux supposed that they had to deal with merchandise, and with nothing more than goods used in the fur-trade.

What if they learned of the treasure?

Jason believed that, for half of it, they would kill him, and themselves seize the booty.

And so the question pressed upon him—how was he to learn which was the treasure package, and then secure it wholly to himself?

Hours passed while he miditated on this point. His men smoked and waited his pleasure. Jameson and his followers bore their captivity as best they coud.

Jason kept watch of the surrounding waters. He did not know wnat mignt happen. Helen and David were at lioerty. Pera and Colot were free. And so was Roger Severn. True, he had sent a Chippewa to Spur Island on an errand which would prevent trouble from Roger, if it proved successful, but success was problematical.

He was troubled about Roger. He feared him more than all others combined; he hated him more than he hated all others. What did it matter if Severn had done him a great service at Thunder Bay—probably saved his life, there—what did this matter?

Jason's mind held not one spark of gratitude for this help, but, instead, a fire of hatred of the partisan burned there.

It was noon when he formulated a plan for examining the inland packages. Night was needed for the work, so he delayed further by telling Gouin that he awaited a report from the Chippewa before doing more.

Two hours before dark a Chippewa came. Jason saw him privately. He had been scouting, and now made a brief report. He had seen Lazare Colot, whom he knew by sight, and a slender youth had been with him.

"Where did you see him," asked Jason.

"Once, at daybreak, on the mainland, over there. They both waded to this point. An hour later both left it and went into the forest. I followed them, but, in the thickets, the branch of a dead tree broke, fell on me, stunned me, and I lay senseless. When I recovered they had long been gone. I tried to trail them, but Lazare had been cunning. He had so broken his trail that I was baffled."

"You say they waded to this point?—and near daylight?"

"Yes."

"Then we must have been here at the same time, or soon after."

"Perhaps so, but I could not see the lake from where I was. Boats might have come and gone unseen by me. Master Jason, why did Lazare carry that inland piece?"

"What inland piece?" cried Jason, stirred as if by an earthquake.

"When Lazare came to this point he carried an inland piece. When he left it, he had none."

"Pooh! Only a bundle of blankets, I think."

"I will swear it was an inland piece. Do I not know their look?"

Jason did not doubt that he did know. Nor was that all. The man had given him news that swept all other thoughts away. Helen, Lazare and an inland piece! The combination was one that thrilled him through. His previously-sluggish blood was now racing through his veins. It flowed like liquid fire. He tingled with intense interest. Helen, Lazare and an inland piece! Plainly, the girl had taken the treasure in her flight.

"And," he asked, "they did not have it when they left this point?"

"No," replied the Indian, unsuspicious of the excitement he had aroused.

Jason meditated and then sent him on a new, hastily-conceived errand. He saw him disappear in the woods with relief and growing exultation. Lazare had not carried the package away from the point. Then, plainly, it must be buried near. Frightened, it was likely, by the coming of the boat, the treasure had been hidden.

Presently the plotter walked along the point with an air of seeming carelessness. He found no freshly-turned earth, but, coming soon upon the fire lately used by Lazare, he bethought himself of an old device of the lone places, and, bending, he brushed the ashes away.

There he found the sign he sought.

Triumph, present and prospective, radiated from Jason. Eyes and face were bright, his movements resumed their old buoyancy. He snapped his fingers, he laughed, he swaggered in his old fashion.

The treasure! It was here, and it should all be his. No man should share with him. After dark he would come again, dig up the precious package, and then, alone and unhampered, take to the wilds. He would make for Montreal; he would have the Bardell wealth!

"Mine!" he whispered, exultantly, "all mine!"

This thrilling and extraordinary story of love and adventure in the Canadian Northwest in the dangerous days of the great fur companies, will be concluded in next week's issue of the Ledger. A great number of very powerful stories will appear in these pages during the coming year. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we advise you to send $1.00 and have the paper regularly, also that you may secure entirely free one of our fine stereoscopes or any six of our new spring patterns that you many select. See our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

It Was Proved.

John Kendrick Bangs was discussing a case of plagiarism.

"The man admitted that plagiarism was suspected of him," said Mr. Bangs, smiling. "He almost admitted it was proved. He reminded me of a Yonkers boy I used to know.

"This boy said to his chum one morning:

"'I hid under the parlor sofa last night to hear what young Softleigh would say to my sister.'

"'Well, what did he say?' the other boy asked.

"'He only talked religion and politics, and he kicked me about thirty times on the head.'

"'He knew you were there, I guess,' said the second boy.

"'I'm afraid he suspected it.'"

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One pair in the front parlor beats three of a kind.

It's the last word that usually brings on the first blow.

It's useless to forgive an injury if you can't forget it.

There are many large tales connected with small fish.

Men with wooden legs naturally have a lumbering gait.

No, Alonzo, a literary club isn't necessarily a big stick.

Most men think they know a lot more than they know they know.

Many a man who is on the road to fortune doesn't know when to get off.

Europe can eat our wheat as usual this year, but it will have to pay the price.

Some men try to convince you that they are good by boasting of how bad they used to be.

No, Cordelia, it isn't necessary for a man to know how to sew to enable him to mend his ways.

When compared with the patience of a mother all other brands of patience are counterfeit.

A woman doesn't care if her shoes are a size too large—after the undertaker gets busy with her.

Of course it is absent-mindedness when you forget, but it's gross negligence when your wife forgets.

Much as he might like to do so, the baseball umpire hasn't time to refer his troubles to The Hague.

After the average young man forgets what he learned at college he manages to become a useful citizen.

About being carried away with enthusiasm the worst feature is that we nearly always have to walk back.

Don't place too much confidence in a man who boasts of being as honest as the day is long; wait until you meet him at night.

While the Douma is getting better trained than it was, it doesn't go every day at .. o'clock and eat out of the hand of the Czar.

In that Kentucky town where all the inhabitants play marbles we suppose the haughty Kentucky beauties make a specialty of the marble heart

Dr. Wiley, who does queer things for the Government says it is easy enough to live 100 years. Let him show us first and talk about it afterward. That is the more convincing way.

That peace meeting between capital and labor for the Fourth of July is a splendid idea. What could be more delightful and patriotic than to see labor and capital with the flag wrapped around them walking together hand in hand and shooting off firecrackers as they go?

TWO FACES UNDER ONE HAT.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Author of "The Pretty Typewriters," "The Girl from Nacoupin," etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

FARMER ELLIS ASTOUNDED.

Before Caleb reached Sandy Run he met the coroner and his jury returning to town. A large number of people accompanied them, and the body of Baily followed in the rear.

Caleb turned to the side of the road to let them pass.

"I expected you out to the inquest, Mr. Marsh," said the coroner. "Did not stop to summon you; thought you had gone on ahead."

"Well, you see, coroner, I had a little business and I thought Cleaver's evidence would be sufficient to hold Mark Perry to court. Mine would have been the same, and when the trial comes up I can testify."

"Yes, Cleaver's evidence was sufficient The jury held Mark for the murder; they could not do otherwise. There is no doubt of his guilt"

"What shall you do with the body, coroner?"

"Take it to the courthouse for tonight. Doan telegraphed the partner. He will be here in the morning."

"Bad business, coroner, bad! Where are the sheriff's deputies?"

"Oh, they are making a search for an accomplice. It is thought there must have been one. The money can't be found. In fact, there was nothing on the body to identify it by. It had been rifled of everything."

"Possibly an accomplice escaped with the money," said Caleb; "possibly!"

"You see the jury has virtually agreed; but when Horton comes we shall bring the prisoner out, have him confront the corpse and reopen the case in his presence. Horton may be able to testify as to what money the deceased had on his person. I should like you to be there, Mr. Marsh."

"Certainly! I will drive in early in the morning. You can count on me. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

"Mark Perry will not confront the corpse tomorrow morning," thought Caleb, as he drove on; "but Sheriff Root will confront an empty jail. Dobbins, your bird will have flown, and that five hundred dollars has slipped through your fingers. Nevertheless, my man, I have a hold on you. No one will suspect Caleb Marsh of conniving at the escape of a murderer. I hope Doctor Doan will have left Elwood when I reach there. Guess I will drive slow the rest of the way and give him a chance."

When Marsh arrived at Elwood gate it was quite dark and the lamps had been lighted in the farmhouse. As he stepped on the piazza, sobs, emanating from the house reached his ears. "Yes, yes, he has been here," he thought, as he knocked on the door, "and Kate is mourning over the sad predicament her lover is in. I am bound she believes in his innocence, and Doan has confirmed her in her belief—he don't believe the boy guilty; but belief is not testimony."

Here the door was opened by Kate, who confronted him, the picture of despair, and with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"A sad affair Miss Kate! A terrible affair. I see you have heard of it. But don't give way to grief. Bear up, bear up; there may yet be hope that Mark Perry will not prove to have been the murderer."

"Prove to be?" sobbed Kate. "I know my dear Mark is as innocent as I am, but the terrible accusation is against him. Doctor Doan, who has been here, though he has all faith in his innocence, says his position is most unfortunate. But come in Mr. Marsh. You will find my poor father nearly distracted."

Caleb followed her into the farmer's presence.

Abner sat in his accustomed chair, looking very disconsolate. "Ah, Marsh," he exclaimed, "Doctor Doan has just left us! Horrible affair, and he states that you will be one of the principal witnesses against the boy; that you believe him guilty; that you caught him with the bloody dirk in his possession—yes, standing over the body"

"Not so fast, neighbor! True, my evidence as well as Cleaver's would condemn him; the fact that, when my horse was drinking at the creek, Cleaver and I heard the cry of 'help' and hastened forward, confronting Mark Perry, arising erect from the side of the body with the bloody dirk dripping with gore clasped in his hand, would condemn most any one caught in like position."

"But the cry, Mr. Marsh, was from Mark's own lips. It was then that he had discovered the body."

"The doctor told you that Mark had made that statement. So he did; but Cleaver testifies that the voice was not that of Mark, nor did it sound like it I at the time could have sworn it was not Mark's voice, and that he was guilty, but he may have told the truth"

"Oh, he did, Mr. Marsh! He did! How could you for a moment have doubted him?" broke in Kate.

"Well, you see, he looked so guilty, standing there with that bloody weapon in his hand, and the poor dead man weltering in his blood. How could I think otherwise? And then, you know, I was on my way to town expecting to meet Baily—Mark had informed me that he would not arrive until five o'clock. And there he lay, murdered before my eyes. Mark had informed me that he would bring with him ten thousand dollars in cash, with which to pay off my mortgages. No one aside from Mark and myself knew of that fact."

"Yes, yes," cried Kate, "father and I knew of it!"

"Neither yourself, your father nor I could have committed that crime, Miss Kate—the body had been robbed."

"Not by Mark Perry," said the old man decidedly.

"He announced that fact, and requested he be searched. Ben Cleaver, of course thought he could not have the dead man's belongings on his person, as he was so willing to be searched, and that he must have had an accomplice who got away with the money, watch and other articles."

"You were not at the inquest, Mr. Marsh. The doctor stated that you were looked for."

"Abner, it was a terrible blow to me. I had formed a high opinion of the young man, since he had turned out so well. I could not testify against him. I remained away purposely. While others were there, I visited him in jail and tried to build up hope in his breast. I told him that while my evidence would condemn him, I would spend money in his defense if he could convince me of his innocence."

"God bless you for that, Mr Marsh!" said Kate.

"Oh, Miss Kate, I would do more than that to save you and your father pain, hard as I have seemed to be in business matters."

"Caleb, give me your hand! I would not have believed it," said Abner.

"You were with him in jail? Did he send me no note, no word?"

"No, Miss Kate; no note. I reckon his own troubles weighed on him too heavily. He did tell me to assure you that he was not guilty and that he would not die on the gallows."

"Die on the gallows? Oh, no, no! He is innocent. The guilty party will be apprehended. Officers are searching for the murderer now. But did he say nothing else?"

"Nothing! He may expect you will visit him in jail. Mr. Horton will be in Coulton tomorrow morning."

"I will be at the jail early tomorrow morning and assure him of my confidence in his integrity. Oh, Mr. Horton will be indignant at his being even suspected!"

"Undoubtedly!" exclaimed the farmer.

"I shall go in early in the morning," observed Caleb. "I promised Mark to meet Mr. Horton. I will call for you, Miss Kate, if you will allow me; then we can talk over the affair as we ride in. I have much more to say, but I can delay no longer. Sarah will imagine something has happened me."

"You will take no steps to foreclose, Caleb, while all this trouble is on us, though with Baily dead and the money lost that was to have paid off your mortgage it looks dark for me, very dark? Oh, Elwood, Elwood!"

"There, there, neighbor! Give yourself no uneasiness. I know when people have a load! You have one, and I am sorry for you. My heart bleeds for Miss Kate, yes, and for Mark. I shall not push you. I will extend the mortgages, if necessary. It was to tell you that that I called. I allowed the doctor had informed you of the murder."

"God bless you, Caleb. I didn't look for it."

"Oh, there are worse men than Marsh, if he is close with his money I'll do something else you wouldn't expect. Partly on Kate's account and partly on his own, I'll spend one thousand dollars in cold cash in Mark's defense"

"Surely Doctor Doan was mistaken," cried Kate; "he stated that you were satisfied of Mark's guilt."

"I was at first, but I have thought the matter over well since. How could he, having the promise of the loveliest lass in the State to become his wife and with all prospects of a prosperous life ahead have committed that crime?"

Kate blushed in spite of her tears as she said: "And to have murdered his best friend. I have a higher regard for you Mr. Marsh, than ever before The doctor did not remain long; he stated that he had patients awaiting him, but would call again. He bade us hope for the best"

"And so do I, Miss Kate. Mark bewailed his unhappy condition mightily in jail. The sight of your face and Horton's presence will cheer him up in the morning. I suppose it will be a sad scene when they bring him before the body in the courthouse when the case is reopened Poor boy, I am sorry for him! Well, good night, neighbor."

"Good night, Caleb. You are all the friend we have left, and——"

"I will be a true one, Abner, a true one!"

Tears were tracing their way down the farmer's cheeks as Marsh passed into the hall followed by Kate, who accompanied him to the door

"Now look here, Miss Kate," he said, "you are in trouble, and between **your** brother's—er—unfortunate absence and Mark's predicament, a heap of it. There's money going out all the time and none coming in. I expect you are about run ashore for funds to meet household expenses. Now Mark is locked up you have no one to depend on, and the Lord knows you have nothing else to sell. I'm your friend! I'm your father's friend and Mark's friend! Now what good is a friend unless in time of trouble. I may have to take the farm some day; but that is neither here nor there. I don't want to do it. I'm a plain, blunt man I know and I don't want to offend you, but I do want you to let me help you along till all this unfortunate business is settled."

Just here Caleb extracted a roll of bills from his pocket—the same roll Mark had handed him in the jail, and from it he abstracted two bills

"Here," he continued, "is one hundred dollars which I wish you to take and use as your necessities require. When it's gone Caleb Marsh will furnish you with more."

"Oh, Mr. Marsh!" cried Kate, drawing back, overcome with emotion and surprise, "I cannot take your money! I could not dream of such a thing. Why, think how much we are owing you now."

"Never mind that—that is all secured by mortgage For this I want none." No, not even a note. I know you have not much money in the house, now have you?"

"Hardly any," said Kate with reluctance.

"Well, you must take this. I shouldn't feel as though I was doing my duty by Mark unless I insisted on it. Why, it's nothing, Miss Kate, nothing! Look at the things you will need; both you and your father—'taint as though Mark or my old friend couldn't pay it back some day."

"Then you have no doubt that Mark will prove his innocence, Mr. Marsh?"

"I trust he will; I trust so. My money is at his command. Yes, yes, think of your father's needs. Good night!"

Again Kate thrust back the bills, saying: "No, Mr. Marsh, no. Pray do not think me ungrateful, but I will wait until I have seen Mark, and then if necessary, and he advises me, I will accept it."

"That will do as well, I judge," said Marsh, as he thrust the bills back into his pocket. "You will see him in the morning. He will understand. You see, as you are the one who really provides for the household I tendered the money to you instead of to your father. A friend in need is a friend indeed, I take it. Well, don't grieve any more than you can help. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Marsh. I shall not soon forget your kindness."

"I really hope not," thought Caleb, as he made his way to his buggy. "I was disposed to be liberal with you, that is, with Mark's money. Of course, I had no idea of giving you all of it at once. It will last longer if I kind of turn it over in installments. One thing, my girl—Mark will not object when we visit the jail tomorrow. This has been a great day! A great day! Now for home."

"Something has changed the nature of Caleb Marsh entirely, Kate," remarked her father when she re-entered the front room after having seen Marsh off. "I don't know what to make of it. Here I was, trembling for fear he would foreclose tomorrow, and wishing that Mark Perry had never turned up."

"Why, father!"

"Well, I was! If he had not returned, he would not be a prisoner in Lundy County Jail tonight, Baily would not have been murdered, and by this time you would have concluded to marry Caleb and Elwood would have soon been released. Well, it will come out all right yet, I trust; but when Caleb stated that he would extend the mortgages, if necessary, when he has been so rabid for his money all the time, it completely upset me. Says he'll spend a thousand dollars towards Mark's defense, too. I'm completely beat!"

"Father, Mr. Marsh, at the door, urged me to accept a hundred dollars. He stated that between Arthur's absence and Mark's misfortune we were in trouble and must need money for household expenses."

"Good Heavens! Marsh, Caleb Marsh, caring whether or not other people have money for household expenses! Something is wrong! Did you accept it, girl?"

"No, father, though we will soon need money. I told him I could not accept it. Of course, I thanked him for making the offer He stated that he offered it to me instead of you, as I had all the household expenses to look after."

"True child," said the old man, shaking his head

"Mr. Marsh insisted. I informed him that we owed him too much already. 'Oh, that is all secured by mortgage,' he said; 'for this I want neither mortgage or note. Some day Mark or Arthur can repay it. I sider I my duty.' He almost thr bills in my hands I told him finally when I had seen Mark tomorrow, seemed necessary and he advised it, would accept the money."

"I think you were right, child. Mark may not wish you to accept money from Caleb. Of course he will not! He has means of his own, and will soon be free; you know, the doctor said so. I have all confidence in Mark, but, hang me, if I can understand Caleb Marsh. He is the last man I looked for favors from—unless—well, you know what——"

"Unless I had become his wife. I could never have submitted to that fate, father, but I have no wish to be unjust to him."

"Gracious, daughter, nor I!"

"He says he is like a singed cat—better than he looks."

"Ha, ha! Well, he has developed new qualities, sure. One thing certain, I shall sleep sounder than I would have done if he had not called."

"And I, father. We have seen a new side to the character of a very remarkable man."

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHERE COULD HE HAVE OBTAINED THE FILES?"

At a late hour after he had arrived home that night did Caleb Marsh and his sister remain in animated conversation, and when finally Caleb arose from his chair for the purpose of seeking his room, Sarah was thoroughly posted on all events that had transpired during the day.

Her last words to her brother, when he had announced his intention of retiring, had been: "S'pose the young man is recaptured, Caleb? I would hardly like to see him hung."

"We will have time enough to talk that matter over, Sarah, in the future, but he will not be recaptured, and when his eyes fall on the columns of the papers I shall send to John Merrill I have little fear of his ever being heard of again in Lundy."

"But who could have committed that murder, if he did not?"

"That is a question that I am unable to answer. I am tolerably certain that it was not committed by Mark. Some tramp, probably. Perhaps some man, who, knowing Baily had money, followed him out from Chicago, watching his opportunity."

"Well, Providence surely provided a way for you to get rid of him."

"I took advantage of it, didn't I?"

"What else would you naturally do?"

"True! You are not much surprised at my course. I might not have let you into the secret of the young fellow's innocence, but it would not have been treating you right, Sarah. And then, I pondered over the matter driving home. If I should unexpectedly happen to die, there would be nothing gained by holding Mark in exile, and you, knowing all the facts, could establish his innocence."

"By blasting your character! Never. I would let the boy remain in exile. But don't talk of dying, now that matters are turning your way."

"Oh, I have no notion of becoming an angel yet," Caleb replied; "I have too much to live for—a little more than you dream of. I have a pleasant surprise for you, Sarah, after that girl has become my wife."

"A surprise?"

"Yes, sister. There is a motive impelling me that as yet you know not of. There is a greater inducement than that of securing Elwood with her hand."

"In Heavens name, what?"

"Wait, Sarah. I wish to surprise you one of these days. Good night."

After an early breakfast on the morning of the fifteenth Caleb started for Coulton. He found Kate awaiting him at Elwood gate, and it was barely eight o'clock when they drew up in front of the courthouse.

Caleb had descended from the buggy and was assisting Kate to do likewise, when they suddenly heard a voice ringing out from the corridor of the building.

"Sheriff Root! Sheriff Root! Quick! Quick! The prisoner has escaped! Broke jail and fled!"

All in the courthouse was pandemonium in a moment.

"What's that?" exclaimed Caleb. "Mark broke jail? Impossible!"

"No, no!" cried Kate, as they entered the courthouse hallway. "Surely, Mark, conscious of his own innocence, would not attempt to escape!"

They caught sight of the sheriff and several others speeding out of the rear door, and followed them.

The jail door was standing wide open.

"Gone! The bird has flown!" exclaimed the sheriff, as he entered the structure. "That tells the tale more clearly than did Cleaver's evidence. Mark Perry was guilty of that murder, beyond a doubt. What? Two of the window bars filed through and wrenched aside? Run for Marks and Cleary at once, Dobbins. I must telegraph in all directions. The commissioners must be called together and a reward offered for the murderer's apprehension."

Caleb and Kate had reached the jail, where Kate stood trembling, pale and speechless, gazing into its interior.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Caleb. "Who would have dreamed it? Filed through, do you say, sheriff? The bars filed through? Where could Mark Perry have obtained the files?"

"Ah, Marsh! What, and you, Miss Kate? I am sorry for you."

"I brought her in, sheriff. You know——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I hoped for the best, Miss Ellis, for your sake; but an innocent man would not have fled—he would have stood his trial."

"True, sheriff, true!" observed Marsh, gravely shaking his head. "I must say that my sympathies were with the young man. I would have spent money in his defense, notwithstanding that my evidence must have condemned him. But now, now——"

"Oh, he is innocent, innocent!" cried Kate. "He could not have committed that murder!"

"My dear young lady," said the sheriff, [illegible] have had a narrow escape; that work [illegible] work of a guilty man. But as you [illegible] the files, Marsh? Where could he have [illegible]tained the files? Why, Dobbins informed [illegible] that you visited him last night. Had [illegible] been any one else I should almost be [illegible]empted to believe——"

"Was he searched when first confined?" asked Caleb quickly.

"Why no. All was confusion and haste to endeavor to apprehend some accomplice or suspicious party who might have committed the crime. It was neglected."

"The accomplice," said Caleb quickly, "very probably evaded your officers, and at a late hour cast the files in through the window; that is, if the prisoner did not have them on his person, having provided for the emergency. I never dreamed that he contemplated an escape when I was here last night.

"I thought I would bear any message he might wish to send to this young lady. I believed that if he was guilty of the murder he would confess. The message he gave me was: 'Tell Kate I am not guilty and that I shall not die on the gallows.' "

"The escape was then contemplated," observed the sheriff. "A confederate furnished him the files. But I must lose no more time here. Miss Kate, you had best go to my home and remain until Mr. Marsh is ready to take you back to Elwood."

"Yes, and I must go to the depot," remarked Caleb; "it is nearly train time and Horton will arrive."

"I must go with you!" sobbed Kate. "He must not believe in Mark's guilt. I know his flight causes it to look very dark for him, but I feel assured of his innocence. Oh, Mark! Mark! Why did you?"

"Miss Kate," said Caleb, wiping his treacherous eyes with his handkerchief, "you know I had confidence in the boy, even while my eyes condemned him. It must have been from sympathy for you. Why, last night I told Sarah, as I did you and your father, that I would spend a thousand dollars in the boy's defense. Can you not see that there is no use holding out longer? He is a guilty man.

"It pains me to have to say so, but he was in every way unworthy of you. He was a villain, and this might not have been his first crime. You remember I told you once that one could not tell much about these city chaps. Young men often fall into bad ways in large cities."

"Oh, I feel certain of his innocence, Mr. Marsh, and so I think will Mr. Horton. Come, I must accompany you to the depot."

"Of course, if you will, but it will be hard for you, Miss Kate, to hear everybody denouncing him. I would rather you went to the sheriff's, and I will call for you."

"No, Mr. Marsh, I must see Mr. Horton."

"Come then, my poor girl. It may be as well that you meet what you will have to—the condemnation of Mark Perry."

At 8:30 when the train drew up at the depot, Martin Horton, a pale, feeble old man, came hurriedly out on the depot platform, and the train sped on.

"Is this Mr. Horton?" asked Caleb, judging that it was he.

"Yes, sir, yes, and a terrible affair is it that brings me here. Are you Sheriff Root? Where is my partner's body? You have apprehended the wrong man. It was not Mark Perry who murdered Philip Baily."

"Oh, bless you, sir! God bless you for those words! I felt that you would not believe my dear Mark guilty!" cried Kate.

"No, no, my dear young lady, Mark would scarcely have murdered his best friend! Impossible! Ah, you would have become his bride. You also are unhappy."

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, Mr. Horton," said Caleb. "Mark Perry when arrested was standing over the body with a bloody dirk in his hand. True, he protested his innocence and stated that he had but just discovered the remains of your partner, and that he was not the fiend who thrust the dirk blade home to his heart, that he found it there, and but withdrew it. He was, of course, arrested and locked up. My sympathies were with him. I was one of the parties who discovered him standing over the body; nevertheless, I would have spent money in his defense. Last night he was securely locked in Lundy jail."

"In jail? Mark in jail and the real murderer at large? Horrible! Come, let us go, sheriff."

"I am not Sheriff Root, Mr. Horton. My name is Caleb Marsh. I am a citizen here and one of the sheriff's bondsmen. I also hold the mortgages on Elwood that Baily would have taken up. I suppose he had the money with him to do so?"

"Yes, yes; ten thousand dollars in cash, but we can talk of that later."

"Mark is not now a prisoner, Mr. Horton."

"Not now a prisoner? Then you have discovered that he is not guilty? Where is he?"

"He broke jail last night and has fled. You know what that means?"

"Broke jail and has fled? Mark, Mark Perry? Heavens! Are you telling me the truth?"

The old man's face became paler yet, and he was trembling with emotion.

"It is too true, Mr. Horton. It is supposed that he had an accomplice and that the accomplice aided in his escape by casting a file, or files, through the bars of the window into the jail."

"Broke jail and fled? Incomprehensible! I would have ventured my life on his integrity. Why, in a few months more he would have been admitted as a partner into our firm. It cannot be."

"The sheriff is now wiring in all directions for his apprehension. Mr. Baily's remains lie at the courthouse. I will accompany you there."

"Let us go. This has been a fearful blow to me, sir. My partner left Chicago several hours earlier than he had at first intended, so anxious was he to befriend Mark and to see him wedded to the girl of his choice. And now, now he lies in your courthouse a corpse. There is some mystery here that we cannot understand. Mark Perry was not one to commit a murder.

"I would have sworn as to his integrity," said Caleb Marsh. "Yes, almost after I had seen him arise from a stooping posture from beside the body, with the dirk in his hand; though when I was about to visit him last night for the purpose of bearing any message he might choose to send to his betrothed, the jailer informed me that he had heard him denouncing himself as the murderer since he had had him in custody. I was astounded.

"To me he protested his innocence and vowed that you would have faith in him. His message to his sweetheart was: 'Tell her I am not guilty and shall not die on the gallows.' The thought never entered my head that he contemplated an escape."

"It is very strange. You think there was evidence to have convicted him?"

"It looked very dark for the boy, very!"

"Might it not be possible that while knowing himself innocent he felt that the evidence would convict him, and for that reason made his escape?" asked Kate.

"My dear young lady, I think you have grasped the true state of the affair. But if he had assistance in making his escape! Oh, it is a horrible affair, but I can't believe Mark guilty. No, no! Why, a search of his person did not reveal the money?"

"He was not searched," observed Caleb. "He protested that he was innocent, and it was supposed that a confederate had the money."

"I understand."

"Well, here we are at the courthouse," said Caleb. "Mr. Baily's remains are in the grand jury room where the coroner's jury will reopen the case at nine o'clock. Ah, here is the sheriff now! Sheriff Root, Mr. Horton."

"Ah, yes. Mr. Horton, a sad affair brings you to Coulton."

"A terrible one, sheriff. I could scarcely credit the news conveyed by your telegram."

"I suppose Mr. Marsh has informed you of the murderer's escape? Miss Ellis, this is a sad place for you. Pray go to my home, and Mr. Marsh will call for you."

"I wish, if I may, sir, to gaze on the features of the one Mark so loved; then I will go."

"Certainly, my dear," said Horton. "Lean on my arm."

The two deputies, Constable Cleaver, the coroner and his jury and several others were present in the room when the party entered the door.

On a long table, covered by a blanket, lay the still, dead form of Philip Baily. As the newcomers approached, the coroner drew back the covering from the face.

A groan burst from the breast of the senior partner, and a sob shook the form of Kate Ellis, as she cried: "No, no! He is not guilty! Mark is not a murderer! I feel it—know it!"

"And I, also," said Mr. Horton; "but now, Miss Ellis——"

"I will go, sir, for I can bear no more, but I trust I shall see you again."

"Yes, certainly. I shall not forget you. We, alike, have faith in one who, though seemingly guilty, is yet innocent, I feel."

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Kate, as she made her way from the room."

CHAPTER XV.

"NEVER MENTION HIS NAME AGAIN!"

After the withdrawal of Kate Ellis from the room the coroner reopened the inquest proceedings. Constable Cleaver rehearsed his evidence, and the testimony of Caleb Marsh supported him in all particulars.

"Are you positive that the voice you heard crying 'Help!' was that of the murdered man?" the coroner asked of each witness.

Cleaver's reply had been: "The voice was not that of Mark Perry. I believe it to have been the voice of Philip Baily."

Caleb had replied: "I had no thought of its being the voice of any save the man whose life was in peril. And yet it pained me to believe Mark Perry guilty; but since he has escaped and fled—well, it remains for the jury to draw its own conclusions. As for any motive the young man may have had, I can only say that he had informed me the day before the murder that Mr. Baily would be here with ten thousand dollars in cash on the five o'clock train. The money was to be used in taking up certain mortgages that I hold on Elwood—and yet, at half after three Cleaver and I found Mark standing over his dead body with the dirk the coroner holds, dripping with blood in his hand. I know no more about the case."

Dobbins testified to having heard Mark condemn himself as a murderer while in jail but a few hours before his escape.

"Incredible!" exclaimed Mr. Horton, who being called on by the coroner, further stated that Mark was a great favorite with Mr. Baily and in another year would have been admitted to a partnership in the firm.

"It was Philip's eagerness," he said, "to favor Mark that caused him to leave Chicago earlier than he had intended. The young man had been with us for five years and we had every confidence in his integrity. Even now I do not believe him guilty of my partner's murder. Possibly he may have thought that he would be condemned and fled with a design to remain in hiding until such time as the real murderer is apprehended."

"Ah, but he must have had a confederate," observed the coroner. "You forget about the files."

"No," was Mr. Horton's reply, "I have not forgotten, but I cannot understand. There is a mystery here."

"The fact that a confederate assisted in his escape," said the the coroner, "would lead me to believe that Mark Perry was in possession of that money at the time he was apprehended. Had the confederate had it, I am inclined to believe that Mark would yet be an inmate of the county jail."

"You think then that the money was in his possession while he was in jail?"

"Exactly! His protests of not having it amounted to nothing. His requests to be searched were but made to mislead. He should have been searched."

"His escape was so unexpected," said the sheriff nervously.

"I suppose you can throw no light on the escape, Dobbins?" observed Caleb, eyeing the jailer closely. "The prisoner said nothing in your presence to lead you to think he contemplated——"

"Had he," replied Dobbins, "I should have taken extra precautions."

"I suppose so," said Caleb. "I am aware," he added, "that Mark had some six hundred dollars in his possession. He offered you no bribe to allow him to escape?"

"He knew better," said Dobbins; "that would have aroused my suspicions at once, and I should have placed shackles on his limbs."

"Yes, undoubtedly," observed Caleb, "undoubtedly!"

"No wonder he clung to that five hundred dollars," thought Dobbins, "when he had his plans of escape all mapped out."

"I think you are all wrong in your theories," Mr. Horton remarked, "but my thoughts on the subject, I suppose, would make no difference with the findings of the jury."

"Gentlemen, let us visit the jail," said the coroner.

This they did, and twenty minutes later the jury determined that Philip Baily came to his death at the hands of Mark Perry.

"I must admit," remarked Mr. Horton as he turned away with Caleb, "that the jury have sufficient evidence to hold Mark for trial, but if I mistake not, there will be future developments that will reveal the fact that my partner's murderer has not yet been apprehended. I must now arrange for carrying his remains back to Chicago."

"I will gladly assist you," observed Caleb, "and if you choose, you can take the eleven o'clock accommodation."

"True, I could," Mr. Horton said, "but for the fact that I promised to see Mark's intended bride again. I have not forgotten that poor Philip was very anxious to relieve the father of Miss Ellis of the necessity of meeting your mortgages at once. That ten thousand dollars is gone. My poor partner is dead—Mark a fugitive; but I yet feel disposed to take up those mortgages."

"Oh, as you please about that, Mr. Horton, but I find that I am not wanting the money, and in order to relieve the mind of Mr. Ellis of any anxiety I informed him last night that I would extend the mortgages for two years more. Yet if you wish the investment——"

"Oh, no, it is not that," said Horton. "We seldom invest in acre property. It is out of our line. It was only in order that Mr. Ellis might not lose his farm, as I understood it—though in fact, the matter was all arranged between Mark and Mr. Baily. Since you will extend the mortgages, I presume that is all that Mr. Ellis desires. I will gladly leave that matter with you, and if you will accompany me to an undertaker I think I may get off on the accommodation."

"Certainly! This way, Mr. Horton."

Thus it was that when the accommodation halted at the depot an hour later the body of Philip Baily inclosed in as fine a casket as could be obtained in Coulton was consigned to the express car, and Mr. Horton, after hurriedly writing a note which h[illegible] addressed to Miss Ellis and placed in [illegible] hand of Marsh for delivery, bade him good-by, and with a sad heart entered his car and the train sped away.

"That is dispatch, and to the Queen's taste!" thought Caleb, as he turned away. "I'm rid of him! Now for Kate. This note, Friend Horton, I will inspect. It might not be a proper one for the future Mrs. Marsh to read."

Very deliberately Caleb withdrew the missive from his pocket, and as it was not

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and gone to drinking Postum Food Coffee, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

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"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit it and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well." "There's a Reason." Read the little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Poor Man!

Gunner—Yes, she paid $30 for her spring outfit. I tell you she was a picture on Easter Sunday.

Guyer—Yes, and her husband was a picture also.

Gunner—Indeed! What kind of a picture was he?

Guyer—Why, the picture of despair.

JOKES AND

The Chauffeur's Signal.

"Yes," said the first chauffeur, "I always give a series of loud toots when I see a man in the road."

"What!" cried the second chauffeur, "you don't mean to say you give him warning?"

"Heavens! no. I mean I toot when I see him lying in the road back of me, so the people may come and take him away."

Knowing Canine.

Myer—That dog of yours seems to be quite an intellectual animal.

Gyer—You bet he is. I had to learn to speak German on his account.

Myer—Because why?

Gyer—So I could talk to my wife without the dog knowing what I said.

Old Style and New.

Teacher—What is that letter?

Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—What is it that makes honey?

Small Boy (son of a manufacturer)—Glucose.

Touched.

When leaving home each morning
He'd seldom have a cent—
His wife was a pianist and
Her touch was excellent.

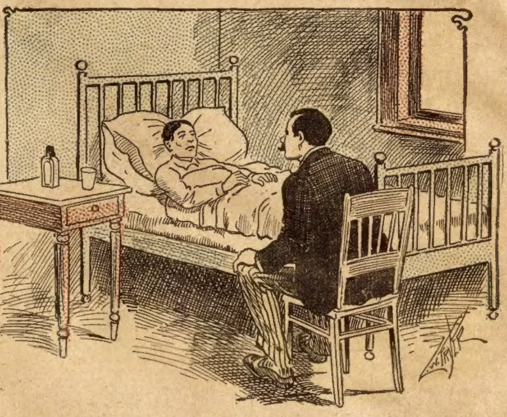
A Money-Maker.

"A financier is a man who makes a lot of money, isn't he, father?"

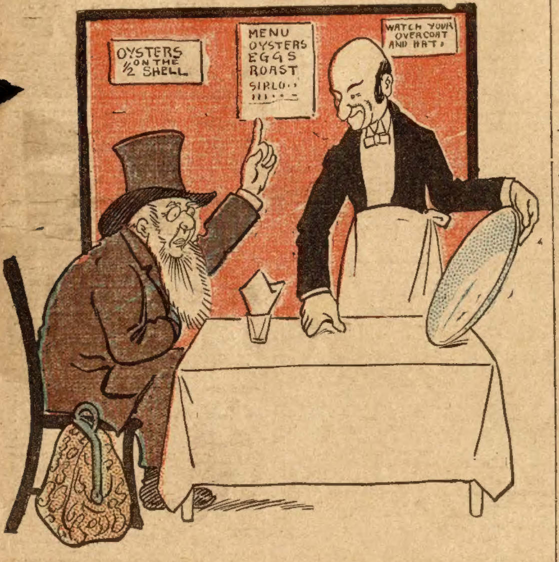
"No, Freddy; a financier is a man who gets hold of lots of money that other people make."

Nothing Doing.

A fair maid was mixing some dough
When into the room stepped her bough.
Said she: "Run away,
This is my busy day,
So pack up your doll rags and gough!"



Sympathetic Friend—Have you ever tried taking your meals out for a while?
Dyspeptic—No, but the doctor has.


OYSTERS ½ ON THE SHELL
MENU OYSTERS EGGS ROAST SIRLO...
WATCH YOUR OVERCOAT AND HAT.

Wayback (in restaurant)—Hi, thar, mister! Fetch me a dozen uv them thar raw oysters.
Waiter—Yes, sir. On the half shell, sir?
Wayback—Naw. Bring 'em on th' whole shell. I'm out fer a good time, an' I reckon I don't keer fer expenses.

No Opinions.

Lawyer—Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible Juror—No, sir; I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own fer a good many years.

Lawyer—Humph! How many years?

Possible Juror—Oh, I dunno; ever since I married.

A Speaking Figure.

"Dad," inquired Freddy, "what is a 'figure of speech?' "

"Where's your mother?" asked "dad" cautiously.

"She's downstairs," answered the boy.

"Well, then," began "dad," "a figure of speech, my son, is a woman."

Cause for Worry.

Gyer—Brown is greatly worried over business affairs.

Myer—Why, I wasn't aware that he had any business.

Gyer—He hasn't. That's why he is worrying.

Not Trusted.

"What kind of a tea is Mrs. Debit going to give?"

"Unless she comes to time with her tradesmen, I think she will have to give a guarantee."

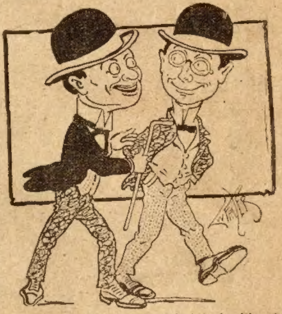
The Outsider.

A "country" lawyer came to town
And really 'twas a pity
The way he took to calling down
The lawyers of the city.

An Apology.

Wife—Why, John, how dare you swear before me?

Husband—I beg your pardon, my dear; I didn't know you wanted to swear."



Wagg—My wife's spring hat looks like a strawberry shortcake.
Wiggs—My wife has one that looks like an open-top rhubarb pie.

Strictly Proper.

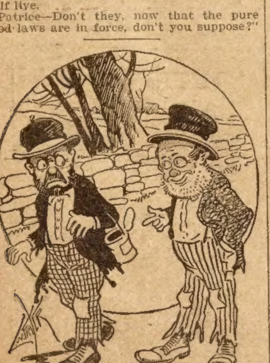
Customer—By the way, what is the proper thing in hats this season?

Smart Clerk—Brains.

Still Doubtful.

Patience—You know it is said that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half live.

Patrice—Don't they, now that the pure food laws are in force, don't you suppose?"



"Did yer get a hand-out at dat house?"
"Yep, first de right, den de left, followed by a foot!"

Time to Reflect.

Sweet Girl—Oh, this is so sudden. You must give me time to reflect—a week, at least.

Fond Lover—Certainly. Even if you should accept tonight it would take about a week to get an engagement-ring made.

Sweet Girl—Uh—perhaps you'd better take the measure of my finger now, George.

Identity Discovered.

Railroad Spotter—You will have to take me to the main line and put me on a branch. The conductors have found out who I am."

Superintendent—That's strange. Are you sure they know you?

Railroad Spotter—Dead sure. They have begun to treat me politely.

High Life in Dakota.

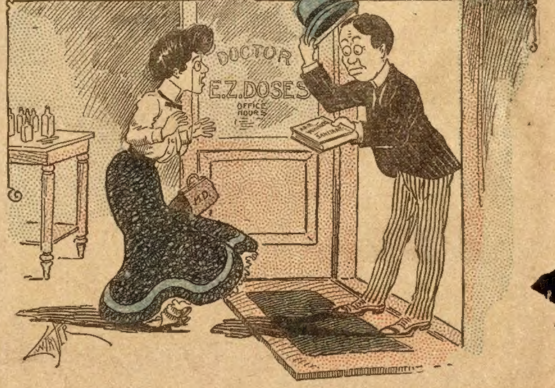
First City Official—Say, Jim, I want to get a divorce from my wife, so I can marry another man's wife.

Second City Official—All right, Bill; I'll make out the papers for you and while I'm busy at that you'd better skip around and kill the other man, so there won't be any bother.

Jealousy

Stubb—That wealthy Mrs. Gilder learning to be a manicurist! Why, I am surprised.

Penn—Nothing remarkable. You see, her husband has been patronizing a professional lady manicurist and Mrs. Gilder can't bear to think of any other woman holding his hands.



Book Agent—Is the doctor in? I have here a work entitled "Are Whiskers Sanitary?' which I would like to sell him.
Woman M. D.—Sir! I am the doctor! I don't need your book!

JOLLITY

Cured Without Medicine

A clergyman has had in his employ for so long a time a colored man named Julian that the latter has come to regard himself as something of a confidential adviser to the divine.

Early one Sunday morning the pastor awoke feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt at breakfast, he summoned his old and faithful servitor, saying:

"Julian, I want you to go to my assistant, and tell him that, as I am unwell, he will officiate for me at this morning's service."

At this Julian demurred, and after some argument, persuaded his master that he would feel better if he officiated as usual. This the latter did, and, as predicted by the servant, he did return home feeling much better.

"Youse better, sah?" asked the man, meeting his master at the door.

"Very much better, thank you, Julian."

The servant grinned. "What did I tell you, sah? I knowed you'd be all right jest as soon as you got that sermon outer your system."

Easily Explained.

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light which is now used in some buildings is produced."

"Oh, it is very simple," said the lady. "You just turn a button and the light appears at once."

Absence of Mind.

The beggar had a notice up, "Deaf and dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him.

"I'd like to give this man something," he said to his companion, "but how am I to know that he is deaf and dumb?"

"Read the notice, sir," whispered the beggar incautiously.

It Wasn't Much.

Diggs—You evidently don't smoke much.

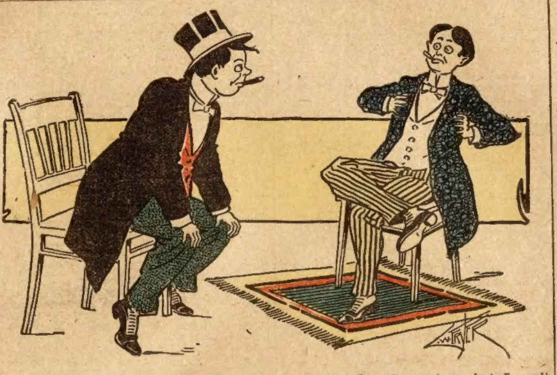
Biggs—Why do you think I don't?

Diggs—I inferred as much from the cigar you gave me yesterday—if that is the brand you smoke.

Room for Doubt.

Blinks—I read a most remarkable story the other day in an Arizona paper, the Tombstone Epitaph.

Jinks—Huh! Who ever heard of an epitaph telling the truth?

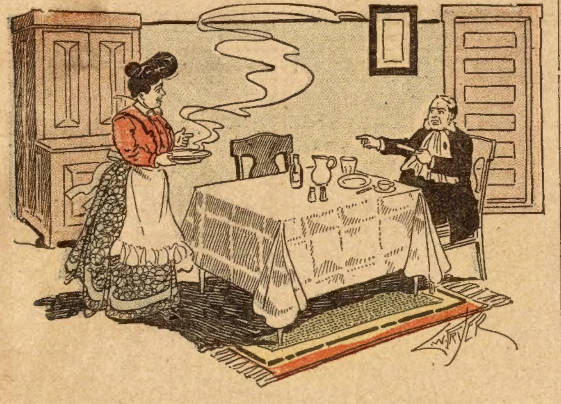


Algy—I don't mind so much her refusal of my offer of marriage, but I can't understand what she means by writing "You will ever remain green in my memory."

His Reform Measure.

"Money, my son," remarked the good old deacon, "is the root of all evil."

"I believe it dad," rejoined the wayward youth, "and I'm doing my best to tear up evil by the roots."



Benham—That soup is the meanest thing you ever served.
Mrs. Benham—Oh, I don't know. I have served you quite awhile.

A Life Saved.

Mr. Simkins (wildly)—You must be mine. Say "yes," or I will drown myself.

Miss Prettie—You will at least wait until I have had time to think it over, I am sure.

Mr. Simkins—How long? It is now September. Will you give me my answer in October?

Miss Prettie—I will if I can. If not, you will have to wait longer.

Miss Prettie (the following December)—What! Still in the land of the living? It is a month, nearly, since I refused you, and you know you were to drown yourself if I said "no."

Mr. Simkins (despondently)—Yes, but you waited so long that the—the water got too cold.

The Wrong Train.

First Train Robber (out West)—Hullo, Bill, how'd yer git along wid that job terday?

Second Train Robber (sadly)—Didn't git along noway. Got the wrong train.

First Train Robber—Eh? Didn't git the express?

Second Train Robber—Naw; we made a mistake an' struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had.

During the Honeymoon.

The Friend—And you and George have excellent appetites for every meal. What kind of appetizers do you use?

The Bride—Kisses, dear. And we have the grandest dessert.

The Friend—Gracious! And what does it consist of?

The Bride—The same, of course—kisses!

After the Honeymoon.

Mother—Why are you weeping, my dear?

Daughter—Boo-hoo! George sent me a peck of kisses in his letter.

Mother—Then I don't see any cause for tears?

Daughter—Yes, he used to send a bushel and now I believe that even the peck is short weight.

Separated From His Mind.

Rufus Choate once tried to get a Boston witness to give his idea of absent-mindedness.

"Well," said the witness, who was a typical New England Yankee, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it outen his pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a leetle absent-minded."

A Unanimous Class.

Teacher—Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity?

Pupils—Aw?

Teacher—What is it, if a big boy wanted an apple very badly, and were to meet a small boy with one in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part——

Class (with eager illumination)—Dat's a cinch!

Tit For Tat.

Mr. Wood, a Cherryvale man, fond of playing jokes, met his friend Stone, and said:

"Hello, Stone! How is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine, thank you." Then he added; "And how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

Where Talk Is Cheap.

"Talk is cheap," remarked the man with the quotation habit.

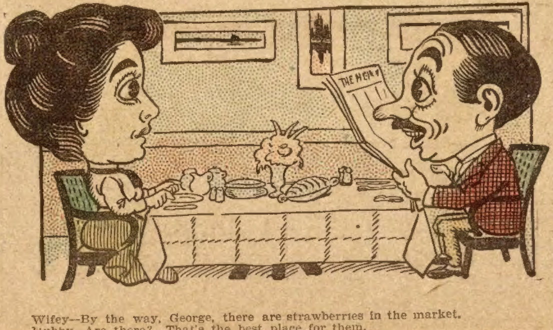
"Huh!" rejoined the fussy person. "You must have been patronizing a 5-cent barber shop."

True to Her Sex.

Tom—Miss Peach has a secret charm about her that I can't understand.

Jack—Oh, don't let that worry you. She won't keep it any more than any other secret.

AT THE PRICE.



Wifey—By the way, George, there are strawberries in the market.
Hubby—Are there? That's the best place for them.

Only Once.

"We don't lynch a man often, anyhow," remarked the visitor from Iowa.

"Neither do we," remarked the man with the Southern accent; "never, in fact, but once."

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in every town to take orders for Custom-made Suits and Overcoats from $11.00 up, and Trousers from $3.50 up. Big commissions paid and large Sample Outfit in traveling case furnished free to those who can do business. You can make big money working for us. Write at once for Sample Outfit. The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept. 50, 173 Adams St., Chicago.

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THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNESS.

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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Begun in No. 19, May 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LETTER.

Late in the afternoon of the following day, Isabelle, wandering like a lost soul through the silent house, entered the room formerly occupied by the governess. The report from the sick room where Adriana still lay unconscious was more and more discouraging, for the doctor, summoned the night before, had exhausted all the resources known to science to bring her back to consciousness. Then he had called in three other doctors of the town, but they had not been more successful and now after a consultation, they had decided that Ledy Davanhoe was in a cataleptic trance and that the services of a specialist would be required. A telegram had immediately been sent to summon Doctor Roux from Paris. Though he had replied he would take the next train, it would be many hours before he could arrive and the awful anguish of dread and waiting had settled over the castle.

Madame de Longville and her daughter had retired to their rooms, where the mother had insisted that Renee should take some hours of rest after the terrible emotions of that long night and forenoon. Lord Davanhoe was still in the drawing room, where, plunged in the gloom of his thoughts, he remained silent and stern, barely conscious of what was going on around him. When urged to take some nourishment, he had complied with the wishes of all and gone to the dining room where he had eaten the food set before him without apperetly knowing what he did; then, silently he had returned to his seat in the drawing room, where from time to time the doctor's bulletin concerning the patient's condition was brought to him. He had not even asked to go up to his wife's room and when Monsieur Boursier in his pity had suggested that he should, he had replied:

"You do not know, Monsieur! It might kill her if she saw me now. I must wait unt[illegible] gets better. Then——"

Monsieur Boursier cast a pitying look at the unfortunate man and resumed his seat, for his good breeding forbade him leaving his silent guest alone and though his energetic frame rebelled at this enforced inactivity, he remained the greater part of the long dreary day with Lord Davanhoe.

Madame Boursier, after seeing to the comfort of her guests as far as possible, had gone to the library where she was now busy recalling the invitations she had issued for the large house party of the following week, saying that the severe illness of Lady Davanhoe, while her guest, would prevent her entertaining others but the immediate family. Earlier in the morning she advised Jacques to notify his sister, Madame de Bois-Fleury, of what had happened and they had received word that Monsieur and Madame de Bois-Fleury would arrive by the night train. Madame Boursier was in her glory—these titled visitors, this thrilling story of having had a real lady as governess, her daughter's coming marriage, all filled her vain heart with such rejoicing that she had little time to worry about the suffering woman above, though, since the startling revelation of the night before, she had suddenly discovered that she had loved the young governess with a truly maternal love.

Berthe, who was inconsolable, had gone to the schoolroom where for so many happy days she had studied under the beloved governess, whose illness now filled her with such poignant anxiety and sorrow; and there lost in her gloomy thoughts the young girl waited for some change in the condition of the patient.

When Isabelle had found herself alone, she had wandered aimlessly about, then urged by the desire to be in closer communion with the one who filled her thoughts, she had gone to the room formerly occupied by the governess. The open desk at once attracted her attention and walking to it she saw the letter written to her the night before by Adriana.

"A letter addressed to me!" exclaimed the young girl, as taking the envelope she hastened to the window that she might better read by the waning light of the fast descending twilight. Tearing open the envelope, she took a seat on a low chair by the window and began to read:

"My own dear Child: I did not want other lips to tell you the sad story of my life, for they could only have related the bare facts without being able to describe the sentiments which gave them rise; so tonight, before leaving your life forever, I will make to you a full confession of my life and you can judge whether I am to be blamed or to be pitied.

"Isabelle, the name of Doban is not my name; it was simply assumed by me, as I wished to hide my identity when I applied for the position of governess in your home. My real name is Lady Adriana Davanhoe and I am the sister of your fiance Jacques de Charmeuse and Madame de Bois-Fleury. Knowing this, you must now wonder what made me leave the brilliant position my name and birth gave me to assume the inferior one of governess. I will give you the reason, only I beg leave to tell my story in my own way, returning far enough into my girlhood that you may find in those earlier years, deprived of the love and advice of a mother, an excuse for the mad folly of the future.

"Our mother died when I was sixteen, Jacques was two years younger, while Marguerite (Madame de Bois-Fleury) was only twelve. Our father, who was an officer in the army, could not look after us, so Marguerite and I were sent to the convent of the Sacre-Coeur in Paris and there our youth was spent. The sisters were kind, but to a nature like mine their placid affection was not enough. I needed love, demonstrations of tenderness and these, aside from the childish affection of my younger sister, were denied me.

"I was eighteen when death again visited our family and took our father. He had never been a tender man in the usual sense of the word, but he had loved us and his death took from my wild, passionate nature its only support. When at twenty my education was considered complete, Monsieur de Longville, who had been appointed as our guardian, consented to let me spend a year in London, the guest of one of his sisters, Lady Marlington, who had married in the English nobility, that I might complete my studies in the English tongue, of which I was very fond. It was during that visit that I met Lord Davanhoe.

"Isabelle, you who are experiencing the sweetness of love, can guess just what this meeting meant to my starved and longing heart? I loved him from the very first. He was my ideal type of man, tall, blond and grave, with the air of authority which proclaimed him master among men. Well, he made love to me, won my hand in marriage and two years after our first meeting we were married in Paris, where Monsieur de Longville had insisted I should return and spend a year before he would consent to our marriage. That of his sister Lady Marlington not having turned out well, he had acquired a natural dislike for Englishmen and he feared to trust my happiness in the care of Lord Davanhoe. But nothing could change my resolution and finally he let us marry. Then for four years I was supremely, unnaturally happy.

"Lord Davanhoe was a model husband, he loved me deeply at the time and I—well, I simply worshiped him. This went on for four years. My sister had left the convent and had been introduced in society, where she reigned but a short time, since Henri de Bois-Fleury fell in love with her and had asked for her hand before the end of her first season.

"It was as I was preparing to leave London and go to Paris to witness her marriage that the blow fell which destroyed my happiness and made me the wanderer I have now become. All true love is jealous, Isabelle. You will discover that as your own love dream grows older, but I was unusually so, that I will admit. I gave to my husband such complete, absolute love that I naturally wanted a like one in return. For the first years of my married life I had no cause to complain. Then a shadow came to darken my bliss and this shadow grew daily more threatening as my jealousy increased.

"In the circle we frequented was a young woman some eight or ten years my senior—one of those dashing blondes with sparkling black eyes which knew so well how to flash burning invitations to the men who constantly surrounded her. She was an officer's wife just returned from a two years' stay in India. In a short time all London went mad over her, the men flocked around her, the women gossiped and many were the heartaches and tears she caused.

"For a time I felt secure, I had such confidence in my husband, then a ballroom gossip awakened my suspicions and the fierce fire of jealousy swept over my soul, burning, destroying everything before it. I had several scenes with my husband, upbraiding him for offenses of which, no doubt, at the time he was innocent, until life became almost unbearable for both. Then came the announcement of my sister's marriage and we left for Paris to attend the wedding which was to be celebrated at the home of a distant relative, Madame de Longville not having reopened her Paris house since the tragic death of her husband a few years before.

"We took rooms at the Grand Hotel because of the crowded state of our relative's home, for they had a large number of guests staying with them. The civil marriage was celebrated with due pomp and on the following day the church wedding was to take place. My sister begged that I spend the last night of her girlhood with her, and I gave in to her whim and let Lord Davanhoe return alone to the hotel. He was scarcely gone when I began to repent having left him alone. The day before, when returning to our rooms at the hotel, I had encountered the officer's wife on the stairway. She had evidently followed us to Paris. Now the thought that they might meet during my absence fanned my natural jealousy into such a flame that rest became impossible. When my sister had fallen asleep I could stand it no longer and creeping softly from the bed I dressed noiselessly and made my escape from the house. I would go to the hotel, enter my husband's room with my latch key, assure myself that my fears were groundless and return without any one being the wiser.

"You will no doubt think me mad to have pushed my desire of investigation to such an extent. May you never know what it means to be intensely, madly jealous of a man you passionately love, for then and only then can you know to just what madness that jealousy may lead.

"Once in the street I hailed a passing cab and in half an hour I was walking up the grand stairway of the hotel, my heart throbbing with mingled hope and dread. Before our rooms I paused; the door was locked and I dared not enter. At last summoning my courage I unlocked the door and entered the sitting room. A dim light was burning in the bed-chamber, so with stealthy footsteps I walked to the door and without showing myself I raised the portieres which separated the two rooms and looked in and saw—my husband in the arms of another, that rival I had feared for so long—the officer's wife!

"How I outlived the shock, how I crept out of that room in which my life had forever been wrecked, how I found my way back to my relative's home, I will never know, for I was recalled to the reality of life by my sister shaking me wildly in her efforts to waken me from the torpor into which my utter despair had caused me to fall.

"It was day, Marguerite's wedding day. I had spent the whole night on the chair into which I had sunk after my return from my ill-fated ride. To Marguerite's anxious questions, I answered with an impassive statement of what had occurred. It seemed to me at the time that I was relating the story of another, so calm was I, so impassive and cold.

"'What are you going to do?' asked Marguerite, when I had finished.

"That question seemed to bring me back to the awful sense of my loss and to fan into fury all the demons of my wounded pride and outraged love, for I leaped to my feet and while Marguerite wept and entreated me to be calm. I outlined to her the details of the vengeance I had planned during that night of horror.

"For her sake I would attend her wedding, but this over, I would disappear completely, hide my identity under an assumed name, meanwhile making the man who had betrayed me believe that, knowing of his treason, I had repaid him in like manner and that I had left with another man, who like him, enjoyed the unholy pleasure of robbing a man of his wife. Of course Marguerite protested, she pleaded and entreated, but in vain. Then, finally, she even consented to write that letter of recommendation which later won me admittance into your home.

"I was, of course, forced to see my husband during the course of the ceremony, but so sure was I of my approaching vengeance that no one, not even he, guessed the tempest of rage, despair and love which filled my heart that day.

"After Marguerite and her husband had departed on their wedding tour and while the other guests were taking their departure, I made my escape and hastening to my sister's room, I dressed in a black gown I had prepared for the purpose and with a heavy veil on my face I was able to leave the house without being seen.

"Once in the streets I thought rapidly. By going to the bank and being identified as Lady Davanhoe I was able to draw several thousand pounds on our London bank. With this in my possession and carrying in my pocket the letter of recommendation given me that morning by my sister, I had the cab drive me to the Gare d'Orleans, where I bought a ticket for Toulouse. While waiting for my train, I wrote the following letter to my husband:

"'Last night, between twelve and one, I returned to our rooms at the Grand Hotel and found you in company with the Hon. Mrs. ———. I hope you may continue to enjoy this charming companion. As to myself, I follow your example and leave tonight with one who, like yourself, does not deem it a dishonor to take another man's wife. I always held there should not be two standards by which men and women should be judged and if you, the husband, can break your marriage vow, I, your wife, have the right to do likewise.

"'Farewell. We shall never meet again, but, as I leave you, let me add that my curse will follow you ever, that never will I, Adriana de Charmeuse forgive the man who has caused me to sink so low.'

"Without signing my missive I mailed the letter and half an hour later, worn out, but too proud to give in, I was on my way toward the unknown, leaving behind all that I had loved.

"The rest you know, Isabelle. I became your governess and the sweetness of your two innocent souls, unfolding like beautiful flowers beneath my teachings, had partly won me back from my unholy rebellion against God and man, until your love for my brother caused me to feel that the haven of your home was no longer safe for me.

"I saw my husband this afternoon. It was the sight of his face that caused me to faint. I suffered so much from that shock that I don't want it renewed and must leave at once before he discovers my real identity. I have sworn never to speak to him again and I will carry out that oath even if to do so I must die.

"Farewell, Isabelle, I have given you a sisterly affection, while toward your sister Berthe I felt more like a mother to a child. When she is old enough to understand, when her virgin heart has felt its first touch of love, I want you to let her read this, that she may know the true story of her unfortunate governess. ADRIANA."

Isabelle, with streaming eyes let the last page of the lengthy confession fall on her lap, as she murmured:

"Oh, how she must have suffered!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

RECONCILATION.

It was the evening of the third day after the storm and still no change in the patient's condition. Doctor Roux had arrived, but so far had been able to do or to determine nothing. To the eager questions asked him by the anxious family, he had simply answered:

"I can say nothing. I will do my best. What the result will be no human being can tell."

Monsieur and Madame de Bois-Fleury had arrived the day before and Marguerite, bitterly regretting having aided her sister to follow the mad impulse of her jealousy, lingered with a sad, remorseful face in the

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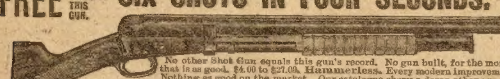

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room where Adriana still lay in her lethargical condition.

After the dinner, which that night had been more silent, more oppressively despairing, than usual, Lord Davanhoe had suddenly turned to Doctor Roux saying:

"Doctor, I wish to see you a few moments alone. Will you kindly walk up to my room?"

The doctor bowed and followed Lord Davanhoe to his apartments in the upper story. Closing the door behind them, Lord Davanhoe indicated a seat to the doctor, saying:

"Be seated."

For a while he did not speak, but walked rapidly back and forth in the room, his head bent, his face working. Suddenly he paused before the physician and said abruptly:

"Monsieur, I am a man who is strong enough to stand the truth. What is the exact condition of Lady Davanhoe?"

"I have already stated that I do not know. This is a disease or rather an hysterical condition in which it is next to impossible to determine the exact state of the patient."

"She may die?"

"She may."

"How long will it be before she does?"

The doctor hesitated. Something in the calm, almost indifferent manner in which these questions were asked, denoted to his experienced eyes that the nerves of this man were keyed up to the highest point of tension.

"Come, answer! I have already told you that I am strong. How long will it be before she passes from sleep to death?"

"She may die tomorrow or she may live ten—twenty years."

Lord Davanhoe, who had resumed his walk about the room came to an abrupt pause. His face, pale an instant before, [illegible] and his accents were choked with unconquerable emotion as he replied:

"Ten or twenty years? Did I hear correctly?"

"You did."

Lord Davanhoe sank on a nearby chair completely crushed by this news. He could school himself to the possibility of death, he could bear the thought that the wife he had loved and whose heart he had broken had found peace in the grave—but that living death, those years of insensibility, those days and weeks and months passed in that [illegible] dead condition! It was more than he could bear, more than heart or brain could conceive! Slowly the years of youth would pass, he would become an old man, watching ever beside that rigid form. Then, perhaps he would die and she would be left alone, maybe to the care of strangers.

Doctor Roux, moved by the evident agony which tortured the man before him, said, as though excusing himself for the rather abrupt way in which he had pronounced the verdict on her case.

"You wanted to know the truth, Monsieur and——"

Shaking his head like one trying to cast from him the momentary weakness to which he had yielded, Lord Davanhoe raised his colorless face and interrupted in tones, which, in spite of himself, still quivered with anguish:

"And I am glad that you told me. It is better to know the truth at once than to have it gradually come to you after an awful wait of weeks, perhaps years." Then abruptly: "Then medicine can do nothing? It is helpless in a case like this?"

"Not exactly helpless," was the grave reply. "We follow certain treatments in similar cases, but it is mere guess work. What succeeds in one case is unsuccessful in another. We work in the dark, since this disease is not properly one of the body, but of the soul."

For an instant neither spoke, then Lord Davanhoe asked:

"Does she suffer?"

Doctor Roux hesitated for the space of an instant, then said:

"Yes and no. Physically she does not suffer; morally, she must, since by recent experiment made by myself and other doctors of the institute, we are absolutely sure that conscious thought exists in spite of the death-like rigidity. They can hear what is said, know who is by their side, but are denied the power to show by word or movement that they do. In that they must suffer."

Lord Davanhoe, who had resumed his hurried walk about the room had paused abruptly at the doctor's last word and a sudden glimmer of hope had darted from his eye. Breathlessly he asked:

"You say that Lady Davanhoe can hear and understand what is said to her?"

The doctor inclined his head without answering.

"Then," and Lord Davanhoe walked rapidly to the door, "I will go to her [illegible] see if the voice of my rem[illegible] will not recall her to the [illegible] is about to leave."

What are you going to [illegible] Roux seized Lord Dav[illegible]

"I will do nothing [illegible] woman I love, how for o[illegible] that I [illegible] that love and proved [illegible] I had made. If Lady D[illegible] her present condition [illegible] sible and it is but right [illegible] know how strong was t[illegible] and how bitter the remorse."

Doctor Roux hesitated for an instant, then releasing his hold of the other's arm, he said:

"Perhaps after all you are right. Maybe your voice may have more power over that fleeing soul than all the known drugs of medicine. Go to her and if, perchance, she makes one movement, call me. I shall remain outside the door in the hall."

Without another word Lord Davanhoe left the apartment and went to that occupied by his wife. To the Sister of Charity who looked up, startled by his appearance and the strange pallor of his face he said:

"I will relieve you for the present, sister. I wish to remain alone with Lady Davanhoe."

The sister bowed and after arranging the pillows of the patient, glided noiselessly from the room. Lord Davanhoe, his face colorless, his arms folded on his breast, stood motionless by the bed, gazing in silent anguish on the rigid form before him. Adriana had not moved a muscle since the night of the storm, when with a word of pardon for the man who had ruined her life, she had sunk unconscious at the foot of the tree. So faint was the breath and so rigid the form, with its pale face crowned by the loosened coils of the dark hair, that to the man who was standing by the bed, she had the appearance of death. So this was how they met again after those months of separation—she, worse than dead; he, with a heart torn with the most poignant remorse a human creature had ever been called upon to endure.

But suddenly the chains of despair broke and with sobs tearing his bosom he sank on his knees by the bed, covering her hand, which lay outside the covers with tears and kisses, while in broken tones he cried.

"Pardon me, Adriana! Don't leave this earth on which I caused you so much suffering without saying that you forgive."

In the semi-unconsciousness of her brain the words and the well-known voice reached her and vainly she tried to move, to open her closed lips and pronounce that pardon for which he asked. During those hours she had lain between earth and Heaven, between life and death, the fierce rage of jealousy had vanished and she was willing to forgive. Yet now that her heart melted, her lips were closed in a silence which perhaps would be eternal.

But without waiting for a reply which he knew could not come, Lord Davanhoe continued, calm returning with each word he pronounced.

"They tell me that in spite of your immobility, Adriana you can hear and understand. Therefore, listen and hear the true story of my fault and the anguish that fault has cost me. By your last letter to me, I know that you came to our rooms on that fatal night and discovered that the husband you adored was false to you and to his most solemn vows. I will now tell you how this came about and should God so will that you should pass from this torpor into the sleep of death, your soul will at least know the truth and from its home above perhaps pray for the broken, remorseful man it will leave behind."

He talked rapidly the words coming thick and fast between the quivering lips [illegible] convulsive hold, brought to [illegible] a feeling of rest, of hope, almost of joy, and seemed gradually to melt her insensibility.

"That woman, Adriana who has ruined your life and mine had more power over me than any love would have given her. She held over me the reign of terror [illegible] that forced me to forget my duties. [illegible], long before I knew you, during my wild younger days, this woman had been my mistress. Together we had deceived her husband and it was only when he was ordered to India with his regiment that our guilty liaison was ended. A few years later I met you. The guilty passion of the past was nothing to the pure love with which you inspired me. I married you and we were so happy that I forgot even the existence of that woman that for three years I thought I had loved.

"But if I forgot, not she. While in India she thought of nothing but seeing me again and when she heard through the papers of our marriage she swore that she would break up our home, even if she was sure to perish in the attempt. Well, her husband was ordered back to England and she came with him. She at once tried to resume the old relations with me. I resisted, for my heart and soul were wrapped up in you and you alone. Things were at this point when we came to Paris for your sister's marriage. That night, after leaving you, I returned to the hotel. In some way she heard that I was alone and she came to my rooms. We had a stormy interview and she threatened if I did not yield to her demands that she would reveal the whole shameful story to you first and her husband afterwards. There would be a scandal, he would probably kill her, but she did not care so long as she was avenged. I thought of you—proud, sensitive, so upright in your moral code of honor, that fearing to lose your love and your respect I yielded. The rest you know, but what you will never guess is the awful anguish which has tortured my soul since that hour. It was equal to the torture which must be inflicted on the souls of the damned."

He paused for an instant, then [illegible] he bent over her and hoarsely demanded:

"Adriana, if it is yet in your power, make one motion to show me that you have heard my confession. Just the quiver of the eyes, a motion of the hand, something to show that you now know and understand."

[illegible] while the [illegible] strove vainly to express [illegible] which [illegible] the very [illegible] her soul. But it seemed that [illegible] irresistible power held her in its iron [illegible] she sought to open remained closed, the words that came to her [illegible] could not pass their border, the hands [illegible] ed held in place [illegible]. A swift terror [illegible] her and [illegible] to her soul [illegible] this death? Would she die with the [illegible] to her soul! [illegible] thought of the God in whose [illegible] ld soon be called to ap[illegible] last [illegible] she addressed [illegible] prayer to [illegible] of life to [illegible] the anguish of the man she was leaving behind.

Suddenly the prayer was answered. One last effort and her eyes opened wide to gaze on her husband's face, while at the same time the words, "I pardon," passed her lips. The spell was broken, the statue had returned to life.

The sound of a body falling to the floor caused Doctor Roux to rush into the room at the door of which he had been listening. He found his patient seated bolt-upright on the bed, while Lord Davanhoe lay on the floor in a dead faint. The extent of the shock of having her speak again had been too much for his overwrought nerves.

Adriana's recovery was rapid and as soon as she was able to travel she left with her husband and Berthe, whom she insisted on taking with her, for Italy, where they were to spend the rest of the winter. The only recommendation Doctor Roux made on leaving had been:

"Lady Davanhoe must be protected from any strong mental shock. She must not be allowed to brood over any trouble, either fancied or real. If you see to this, you need not fear any recurrence of the trouble which for the last few days has put her life in danger."

In the spring of the following year Jacques and Isabelle were married. Nestor and Mademoiselle de Longville acted as groomsman and bridesmaid and the gossip of the capital is that before long another wedding will be announced.

Madame Boursier is perfectly happy. The ambition of her life has been realized, she is recognized by the titled world. As to her husband, he is simply contented to think that his children are happy.

Berthe is rapidly becoming an accomplished young lady, for Lady Davanhoe has insisted on completing the work she had started during the dark months of her misery and she still acts as the young girl's governess.

As to Lord and Lady Davanhoe, all that need be said about them is, that, after having reached the very depths of hell, they can now better enjoy being transplanted into the heaven of perfect love and content.

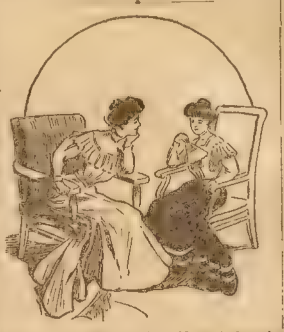
The end.

On His Ear.

A member of the Philadelphia bar tells of a queer old character in Altoona who for a long time was the judge of a police court in that town.

On one occasion, during a session of his court, there was such an amount of conversation and laughter in the court room that his honor became very angry and confused. Suddenly, in great wrath, he shouted:

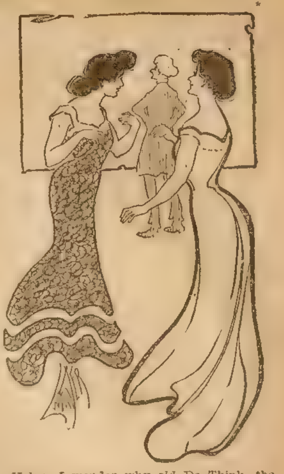
"Silence, here! We have decided a dozen cases this morning, and I haven't heard a word of one of them!"



Mrs. Jones—That old maid next door is the worst borrower I know!

Mrs. Brown—Indeed!

Mrs. Jones—Yes; why, only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband for an hour to mow her lawn, whip a man who had insulted her and discharge her cook.



Helen—I wonder why old De Think, the inventor, wears such long hair?

Grace—His head contains such valuable ideas that they have to be protected by locks.

Helen—But they are not metal.

Grace—Oh! yes they are silver locks.

Playing the Part.

Eugene Cowles saved two women bathers from drowning last summer in Lake Memphremagog. In making this rescue Mr. Cowles bruised his [illegible] it struck a rock as he dived in. Pointing to the scar, the actor said:

"When I got that bruise I felt like a young Chicagoan named Littledale, who played with me in amateur theatricals in my early youth.

"Littledale, in one of our shows, had to leap into a river in order to escape from a wild beast.

"The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale was to leap and disappear, striking a soft mattress in the wings, and at the same time a rock was to be dropped in a tub of water to create a splash.

"But, though the leap worked all right in rehearsal, on the night of actual performance it went wrong. There was neither mattress nor tub there. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash loud enough to wake the dead, and there was no splashing of water to drown the crash, by Jove!

"The audience, expecting to hear a splash, and hearing instead the thunderous impact of Littledale's bones on the oak, set up a titter. But the heroic Littledale, equal to the occasion, silenced them.

"'Heavens!' he shouted from below, 'the water's frozen!'"

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CHAPTER IV.

TO CUT LOOSE AT DAWN.

Two days later.

Retiring, at least temporarily from the hot-air balloon and parachute business, with some laurels and a goodly amount of cold cash, the young and ambitious aeronauts turned their attention to the more serious work that was to fill in their time.

They did not expect to win fame in the first ascent, but to satisfy a certain longing both of them had entertained, to rise far above the clouds and view the world as few men have as yet had an opportunity to see it.

All preparations were now complete.

They were only waiting until the government weather reports prophesied a stretch of reasonably good weather, when the ascent would be tried.

During this interval they heard nothing from Signor Carasini, and might have suspected that the Italian had given up the hunt, only that they knew his determined nature too well.

Their balloom, as we have said before, was stored with a citizen who possesed a large yard.

Connection was made with a gas main, and all minor arrangements, such as provisions, instruments useful in determining the height to which they might ascend, the state of the atmosphere, rapidity of their flight and such events of moment, a couple of blankets for use in a colder clime far above the clouds, and in fact everything that would be needed in such an excursion to the realms of the upper currents, had been provided.

Bob had endeavored to keep these facts as much a secret as possible, but it is such a rare event, a genuine balloom ascension, that the word passed from mouth to mouth, so that as the critical time drew near the whole town was agog and fairly simmered with excitement.

There was good cause.

Not one balloon, but two, were inside the town limits, ready to soar aloft.

Bob had discovered this fact himself, and it did not surprise him very much, since he had prophesied just this same thing when talking with his companion the day of the county fair, after their last ascent with the parachute.

When Pete learned this fact, he shook his head, and declared it would be his duty to look the matter up

What was fair for one was equally right with the other, and he purposed acting the spy upon the professor, believing Baxter was really connected with the Italian who had on several occasions given them such a rough deal in the endeavor to get even.

Leaving Bob in the evening he went out to see what he could pick up.

The latest weather report was favorable, and between them the boys had arranged a plan by means of which they hoped not only to outwit their enemies, but at the same time avoid the unpleasant notoriety that would bother them should the hour of their intended ascent be known.

During the dark hours of the night the great silk bag could be inflated

All preparations would be made for cutting loose just at dawn.

Another advantage would come with such a move.

Remembering what had occurred during their last ascent, Bob had a secret dread lest the same miserable trick might be attempted on this occasion.

Should a load of buckshot be fired after them as they arose, or even a bullet from a rifle puncture the silk bag, the gas in escaping would rend the whole fabric, and a fall from an altitude of even a few hundred yards would end in death for the aeronauts.

While Pete went out to see what the enemy was doing, Bob made the last preparations. It was a serious business with him, for he had long anticipated this hour.

Next to unraveling the hidden secret of his birth and parentage, he had longed to explore the realms above the clouds.

All being ready, and the hour much too early to start the gas into the bag, he sat down and amused himself with speculations while awaiting the coming of his companion.

It was not long before Pete showed up, and his very appearance indicated that he had news

Bob frowned—' another time he might have enjoyed adventure, being of a bold type, but he had hoped so much from this event that to have it turn out a failure would break his heart

It was in this frame of mind that he looked into Pete's face.

The latter dropped into a chair, and seemed to be recovering his breath.

"See here," said Bob with a grim smile, "has there been a baseball bat in this game?"

"After we—oh, no. Give me a drink of water. I'm as dry as a fish. Such news!"

There was no use trying to hurry Pete, and the other knew it full well.

"When you get rested tell me what it's all about," he remarked as he turned to arrange something connected with the airship which he had been working at when Pete arrived.

"First of all, there's a spy around somewhere. Now, I don't mean myself," noticing Bob's quick glance, and queer smile, "but some fellow in the pay of the dago, who's been keeping close tab on all our actions. They know we intend going up before sunrise."

Both grunted his disgust.

"At any rate the spy won't be able to go with us. If they pursue, it will be a hard job to keep in the same channel we do," he said.

"Yes, and if it comes to a battle, we stand as good a chance as they do. Now you see why I insisted on taking that repeating Marlin rifle. With a fair field I reckon one of us could put a hole through the professor's new balloon above the clouds"

"It would be a strange, an awful duel, yet only what will be common enough inside of the next twenty years," remarked Bob.

"I can easily believe it, after hearing you talk about flying machines made of aluminum and urged on by electricity. But Bob, have we room for one more?"

"What! to go up with us—you know, Pete, we decided that two was company. Who is it anyhow—I can see this is not an ordinary question"

Pete turned a little red in the face, but having taken his stand he would not back out.

"D'ye remember Petite Barbara?"

"Great guns! the Italian's child?"

"Don't call her that."

"She denies that he is her father, and I never saw any resemblance. Why, the girl looks more like you, than him. She declares he bought her as a small child from some gypsies who had probably stolen her, and declares that if good fortune ever brings her in contact with one Rudolph Amado, she will wring the secret from him"

"That name?"

"Have you heard it before?"

"It sounds strangely familiar, but I can hardly tell where I met the man. At any rate, what you have told me about Barbara makes me feel a sympathy for her. We are companions in misfortune. You have seen her, Pete?"

"Yes, this very night. Even she knew we were getting ready to go, although unable to tell me who the spy was. That man abuses her"

"The scoundrel!"

"He even struck her—if I had only known it when he came prowling around our camp, I'd have tried that club over his head rather than below."

"The child—she is hardly more than that, you know, though she rides a horse in the ring—begged me with tears in her eyes to take her with us. I said I would see you about it, and when I left her she declared she would pray that your heart might say yes"

Bob was strangely moved.

"I assure you I was drawn toward the child when I first saw her, and I've never forgotten it. Does the signor mean to take her with him?"

"In the balloon—oh, no, but he leaves her with a woman who scares her. I saw the old witch myself, and I give you my word, Bob, she's ugly enough to give one the night mare"

"How can it be done?"

"Oh! we've arranged all that," naively, "for you see, I was pretty sure you'd fall in with the scheme when you heard all about it. I haven't pulled in the same harness all these months without knowing your gait"

"Come, no soft soap now, Peter, my boy Suppose you tell me what you did, and explain your plans for the work. If I believed she was his own child I would not dare take her away, but I feel that there's something back of it all, and it seems as though duty compels me to act. Struck her, did he? The big brute. Remember, I have promised my consent even before you say a word more. Now tell me the whole story."

CHAPTER V.

WHAT PARACHUTE PETE SAW.

Pete was not an accomplished story teller, but he managed to flounder through in some way, and Bob grasped the salient points.

It was rather an exciting little time taken in all and condensed, might be spoken of in about the following terms:

Pete had already some idea of the facts, and he went into the business determined to learn all there was. Following a clue he finally found the place where the old aeronaut put up and then came his further discoveries.

The balloon was being slowly inflated with gas. Already it began to rise like a monster, in the enclosure where it was secured.

When Pete saw this he began to suspect something. Surely their plans must be known.

It could not be wholly a coincidence that made the professor get ready to leave on the same night that was to witness their departure

He waited around.

A couple of men were at work.

They talked from time to time, one being the professor, and as Pete hugged the wall, he was able to get close enough to overhear a part of their conversation.

Thus he learned that it was true they knew the plans of the boys, and meant to follow them.

At first it would seem like the chase of a will-o'-the-wisp, this pursuit of a balloon by another of the species, but the professor being an expert, and a veteran in the line of aerial navigation, might be expected to bring numerous little wrinkles into play that would have a relative bearing on the case.

Still Pete had great confidence in his friend. He had known Bob to overcome difficulties in the past that threatened to engulf them, and his trust in the bare-back rider was without limit.

While the two men talked, another came out of the house and joined them, nor did Pete have any difficulty in recognizing the vindicative Italian, whose hatred of Bob seemed bent upon pursuing him to the end of the world if need be.

All at once the Italian made a dart to one side.

The gate was ajar.

He slammed it shut, and then turning around caught hold of an object that had been gliding toward the opening.

Pete now discovered that this was nothing more or less than a child.

He saw the brute strike.

"You would escape from me, eh? we shall see. I shall put you in the charge of the she wolf. Aha! she will not let you have liberty. If it were possible I would take you with me. And you would run away from your kind father, ingrate."

Then followed another slap that brought a cry from the lips of the child.

Pete was indignant, but wisely held his peace.

He followed them into the house and saw the girl given over in charge of an ogress, the very sight of whom chilled his blood.

As he had suspected the child was little Barbara, whose riding in the ring had always brought such applause.

Pete found a chance to hold a short conversation in whispers with the child, during which he not only learned how cruelly the Italian treated her, but many other things.

When he finally left it was with a solemn promise to enlist Bob's sympathy in her case, and make a bold effort to effect her release.

It was a desperate venture.

The law was on the signor's side, and it is powerful.

He called himself the child's father, though no one ever believed him.

So our two boys talked it over very seriously and decided on a plan of action.

The hour had grown late, but they did not mean to make a move before the proper time.

If Petite Barbara could be stolen before the time came for them to cut loose, so much the better—it might break up the Italian's plan for following them, provided he did not know who had carried off the child.

While he madly sought her and aroused the sleepy town, they would soar aloft and be carried many miles away by the favoring breeze.

Each was to get some sleep, and Bob lay down first, being awakened at a certain hour by his companion.

When Pete in turn was aroused by a touch on his arm, he sprang up to find the balloon fully inflated.

It towered above. and tugged at the ropes like a captive monster longing for freedom.

"What! is it time to soar?" exclaimed Pete, digging his knuckles into his eyes

"After we have released Petite Barbara.

"I had forgotten. Will Amiel watch the balloon while we are away?"

"Yes, you can depend on him"

"You have everything aboard?"

"I have neglected nothing If pursued we could dart into the yard, enter the basket and cutting loose, give our pursuers the laugh."

"Come, let us go. I want to beat that brute at his own game."

Pete was in earnest, for all of his better feelings had been aroused by the treatment he had seen the girl receive.

The boys quitted the enclosure.

Both of them were well aware of the danger attending this peculiar move, which they projected.

The Italian would not be asleep, since it was his intention to ascend with the professor, in order to further harass the young fellow against whom he seemed to entertain such an antipathy.

He was a man who went armed, and would shoot on the least provocation.

Great care must be taken to avoid discovery, but they had their plans arranged as to what was to be done in case this came about.

A deep silence brooded over the town.

The old moon had arisen in the east and presented a battered front, as though most of her glory had departed.

Still, it was not dark.

The place where Professor Baxter had elected to put his balloon into service was only a few squares distant from the location of the other air-ship, though a patch of trees prevented any view between.

"Here we are," said Pete, as they reached a wall.

Alrady Bob had seen the huge dimensions of the balloon reared between his eyes and the starry firmanent above.

Had any one living nearby, and unaware of the project on hand, chanced to look out of a window at this uncanny hour, he would have been amazed to see that bulky form as large as a big house, reared where only the previous evening had been a vacant lot.

Pete jumped on his companions shoulders and took an observation over the wall.

He found that the moon did not interfere with the business they had on hand.

The house cast a dense shadow over the lot, and even the balloon assisted in shutting out what little light that might have struggled in.

If the gate was unlocked——

He speedily tried it and found no difficulty in pushing the same ajar.

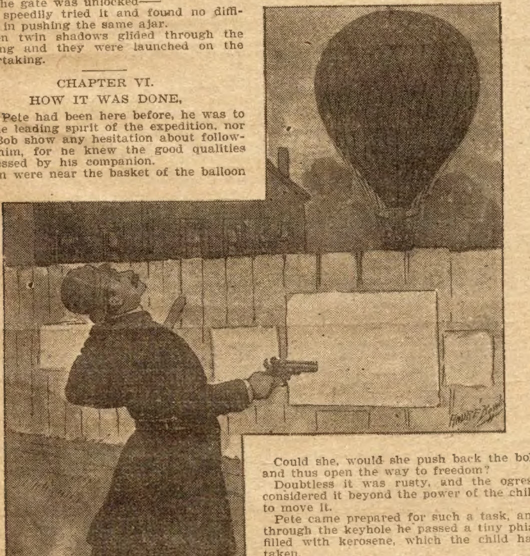
Then twin shadows glided through the opening and they were launched on the undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IT WAS DONE,

As Pete had been here before, he was to be the leading spirit of the expedition, nor did Bob show any hesitation about following him, for he knew the good qualities possessed by his companion.

Men were near the basket of the balloon —indeed, they seemed to be in readines. for an ascent at a moment's notice.



"Cut loose!" cried a voice.

Possibly the appearance of the Sky Wanderer above them, making for the upper currents would be the signal for a second ascent.

Let them wait.

They would have counted the minutes with less impatience had they known that those whom they intended chasing were withing ten yards of their position at that very moment.

Pete wasted no time.

He bent down, so the risk of detection might be less, and made a bee line for the house door, the location of which he luckily remembered, as it was impossible to see it.

Bob was at his heels, on the alert and eager to outwit the unscrupulous man who seemed to take such delight in annoying him.

Thus they entered the doorway.

The darkness might have proven a stumbling block to some people, but Pete was gifted with a peculiarily constituted mory.

Once he passed through any labyrinth he never could forget a single turn—with his eyes blinded he would be able to find the room in which Petite Barbara was confined.

They climbed the stairs.

The house seemed very quiet, save for a sound that at first Bob took to be dropping water, but which it suddenly flashed upon him was a child sobbing

Petite Barbara had doubtless grown to believe Pete had been unable to enlist his companion's assistance, and the dreariness of her fate brought out the sobs.

Even as they drew near the spot whence those childish sounds proceeded, there was a snarl of rage, and a woman's rough voice growled:

"Stop that sniffling, I tell ye, and let me sleep. If ye have to be broke in it might as well be now. That's the last warning—look out."

"Yes, Mother Moll, I'll try and go to sleep," said a trembling voice.

"If you're wise you will," grunted the ogress.

Then all was still.

Pete crept up and chirped like a cricket, this being the signal agreed upon between himself and the girl.

He heard her low exclamation of delight.

"I am here," she whispered through the keyhole.

"Is the door locked?" he asked.

"Only a bolt on this side."

"Can you move it?"

"I believe so—I must. Still, I am trembling all over."

"Have courage—we are both here."

A movement from the other end of the room, and then that coarse, venomous voice.

"Barbara!"

"Yes, Mother Moll."

"What does that whispering mean, imp?"

"I was only telling my troubles to my doll."

Then the woman uttered an expletive.

"I'll dash your doll into a thousand pieces in the morning. Am I to be kept awake while ye play. Silence now, young cat, or I'll come over and throttle ye."

The girl made no reply.

Those on the other side of the door ground their teeth in rage.

It would have done them a world of good had they been in a position to vent their feelings, but silence and discretion ruled the hour.

Was Petite Barbara at work?

Could she, would she push back the bolt and thus open the way to freedom?

Doubtless it was rusty, and the ogress considered it beyond the power of the child to move it.

Pete came prepared for such a task, and through the keyhole he passed a tiny phial filled with kerosene, which the child had taken.

That she had soaked the bolt with this, they knew from the odor in the air.

Nothing further could be done save to await developments, and hope for the best.

The minutes passed anxiously.

All they heard was the heavy breathing of the ogress as she slumbered.

Then came a sharp click, as though the bolt had suddenly shot back.

The girl began to cough, as though to deceive the old woman in case she had heard: but this only aggravated matters.

She was aroused, and this time all that was devilish in her nature awoke.

"Ye young Jezebel, I'll teach ye to wake me with yer whisperin' to dolls, and coughin'. I'm goin' to show ye who yer boss is, if I break every bone in yer body."

There was a movement as of a heavy body.

"Where in creation is that stick? Now we'll see what a sweet voice ye've got, imp of darkness."

She had arisen and was advancing, no doubt with one hand outstretched to grasp the child.

Bob's blood boiled, and he was in the act of hurling himself against the door, when he heard his companion whisper:

"It opens! All is well!"

The crisis was thrilling, for there was the old hag making her way forward, ready to use her stick with the heat of anger, regardless of consequences.

Some one glided out—it was Petite Barbara, trembling like an aspen leaf.

She drew the door after her, but did not quite close it, for fear lest the noise might betray her, and thus cut their advantage short.

As they moved toward the stairs with the girl betwen them, they could hear the gruff, querulous voice of the ogress while she swept her arms through dark space in the vain endeavor to find the one upon whom her anger was to fall.

Discovery must come, for when she found the door ajar the truth would break in upon her own befuddled mind.

They only hoped to be in the street by that time with a fair chance for retreat.

Each of them had taken a position on the side of the girl, as though to defend her against any possible danger.

Thus they descended the rickety stairs.

Hardly had they reached the bottom than there rang out a cry from above—a cry that was filled with the bitterness of rage.

The ogress had discovered the open door, and knew that her intended victim had escaped.

She was in no condition to follow down the stairs, but the fury that racked her rum-soaked body, allowed her no discretion.

Even while she shouted aloud the fact of Petite Barbara's escape, for the benefit of the man outside, she soared along the passage, seeking the stairs.

Needless to say she found them.

The fugitives had reached the door and only a dozen paces separated them from the gate.

Would they be allowed to make it?

Without a pause they started.

The men were so engrossed with their work about the balloon that as yet they had hardly paid any attention to the sounds emanating from the house; but they had become, so serious in their nature that it became impressed in their minds that something unusual was happening.

The gate at last.

Having left it ajar our friends could easily make their exit.

It was at this moment there came a dreadful crash.

The ogress had found a means of desending the stairs much more speedy than their own, but when the feat had been accomplished she was in no condition to continue the pursuit.

None of them said anything but Barbara, who was shocked by the disaster that had so suddenly come upon her tormentor.

"Oh, I hope she isn't killed," she said, but the boys manifested no concern.

Since hearing the woman's threats they had no regard for the state of her bodily health.

By this time the men who had been in the basket of the balloon were in motion, and advancing toward them at a furious pace.

Whether they had discovered the fugitives, and understood the true status of the case, or were simply rushing to ascertain the cause of the alarm, was a fact that could not yet be definitely decided.

Once outside, Pete's ingeunity came into play.

He had tarried outside long enough at the time of their arrival, to arrange a little matter which would serve him well now.

This was a piece of heavy wire attached to the door or gate in the wall.

By a single movement of the arm after their exit, he fastened this so that the gate could not be opened from the inside.

Talk about masterly tactics, the general of a successful campaign could not acquit himself with more finished results than this, since the first axiom of a successfully conducted retreat is to cut off pursuit.

Bob, seeing what was done realized for the first time what a shrewd move his companion had made.

Nor was he slow to take advantage of it.

Down the street they hurried.

Petite Barbara could run faster than one might believe, considering her size.

She had reason to do her best now, after this experience with the ogress in whose charge the signor had intended leaving her.

So they flitted down the street while a great hubbub and confusion could be heard in the quarters occupied by the professor and his balloon.

The men upon attempting to force an exit had found the gate secured, and in their rage kicked and beat the inoffensive obstacle to their progress until the whole neighborhood must have been thoroughly aroused.

Precious seconds and even minutes were lost in this futile assault before they considered that it was possible from the inside to scale the wall, dropping down on the other side.

By this time it was too late.

The fugitives had made progress down the street, and were so far ahead that it would be impossible to overhaul them.

Both boys were proud of their work, but it was not fated that they should carry their plan to a successful termination, without at least a scare.

A constable on his lonely beat heard the loud shouting, and seeing them in flight, at once suspected something wrong.

He called out and demanded that they halt, at the same time instituting immediate pursuit.

Fortunately the yard was nearby where they had stored their balloon, and the monster could readily be seen over the fence.

Into this space they dashed.

The watchful guardian of the peace was close at their heels.

"Surrender!" he called out.

"Cut loose!" cried a voice.

The man started back as he saw what appeared to his excited vision as a great house suddenly leave the earth and shoot aloft with a rush, heading toward tho regions of the clouds.

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Two Faces Under One Hat.

(Continued from page seven.)

inclosed in an envelope it did not take him long to unfold it.

This is what he read:

"My Dear Miss Ellis: Pardon me for not seeing you again, but I find that I am able to take the accommodation back to Chicago with the body of my loved friend. There are arrangements to make for the funeral, so I will not delay. Of course, the action of the coroner's jury caused me no surprise under the circumstances. I can only assure you that I am as fully as ever satisfied of the integrity of Mark. I feel that your confidence in him is not shaken. Let us wait and hope. I would have seen you, though I remained over until evening, but for the fact that Mr. Marsh assures me that he will extend the time for the payment of the mortgages that hang over your father's farm for two years. Otherwise I should have arranged to take them up.

"Write me at once if any trouble confronts you or your father at any time, and rely on my furnishing any relief that lies in my power. I shall be glad to serve the betrothed of poor Mark. Rest assured that I shall set agencies at work to unravel this mystery. Write to me, my child, of anything you might wish to say. Address according to the inclosed card. With best wishes to your father, I am your friend,

"MARTIN HORTON."

"Decidedly!" exclaimed Caleb, "this letter must never reach the hand of the fair Kate, else all the work I have done will have been done for naught. I will not even trust its pieces to the empty air—nothing but ashes must be left. I think I will take a smoke; tobacco is good for the nerves."

Caleb filled his pipe, struck a match, ignited the letter that would have buoyed Kate up with hope and gladdened her father's heart, lighted his pipe and held the paper between his thumb and finger until the last word written by the hand of Martin Horton had been consumed.

"Dead men tell no tales," he muttered; "neither do burned letters upset plans—that is, if burned in time. I will deliver your farewell message to the future Mrs. Marsh, Friend Horton, and it will be one according to my notion."

At twelve o'clock when the sheriff went home to dinner and announced that Mr. Horton had returned to Chicago with the body of his partner, poor Kate, already with a heart overburdened with grief, could only moan: "Without seeing me again? God help me and my poor father!"

"Strangely, too," said the sheriff, "he went off professing to believe in Mark Perry's innocence—says time will reveal the fact that Baily's murderer has not yet been apprehended."

"God bless him for that," said Kate, "for I feel that it is true."

"I am sorry for you, Miss Kate, very sorry for you! I believed the same on yesterday, but subsequent events have changed my mind. That ten thousand dollars was too great a temptation for him. To be sure, he was expecting to become a partner—but he expected to obtain this money without being apprehended and still have that ambition gratified. There is little doubt that he would have dragged the body into the woods and have been at the depot at five o'clock with the evident expectation of meeting the man he had murdered had he not been apprehended.

"Whether he expected an opportunity to murder him in the event that Mr. Baily met him at that hour we shall never know. My deputies are scouring the country, and telegrams have been sent in all directions. He is sure to be apprehended. Of course the coroner's jury found that Baily met his death at his hands; they could not have done otherwise. Ah, here is Mr. Marsh coming in the gate now—he hated to admit the young man's guilt, notwithstanding that his evidence alone would have convicted him, but I think he has no doubt now.

"By the way, Miss Kate, Mr. Marsh assisted Mr. Horton in getting off. He may bear a letter or a message to you. Cheer up! I think you have had a fortunate escape. As for the mortgages——"

"I have already assured my friend Ellis that I shall extend them," said Caleb, who had heard the last words of the sheriff as he was entering the door. "Dry your eyes, Miss Kate," he added. "I'm your friend, also your father's, and though others fail you I shall not."

"That's kind of you, Caleb, very," observed the sheriff.

"I suppose you have been informed, Miss Kate, that Mr. Horton has returned to Chicago. The proceedings at the inquest were so brief that he was enabled to take the eleven o'clock train. He requested me to make his excuses for not seeing you again, and now if you are ready we will be going home."

"Not until after dinner," said Mrs. Root. "This poor girl has been grieving herself half to death, and I won't hear of it; besides, dinner is now on the table."

"Yes, yes," added the sheriff, "dinner first, Mr. Marsh. You should be able to do it justice by this time."

"Thanks," said Caleb, "I don't need urging. A half-hour can make no difference, but I supposed you had dined."

"Did Mr. Horton leave no note for me?" Kate thought of asking, but the idea presented itself: "If he had, Mr. Marsh would have delivered it," so she but asked if his faith in Mark's innocence remained unshaken.

"Horton would like to believe Mark not guilty of his partner's murder," said Caleb, "but in the face of all the facts how can he?"

"Mark's guilt is plain," observed the sheriff, "and you have reason, Miss Ellis, to feel thankful that you had not already become his wife. Dry your eyes, you will soon get over this and make some honorable man a charming bride. There, there is the dinner summons now—come."

It was nearly two o'clock when Kate accompanied Caleb out to his buggy, and they were soon en route for home—poor Kate with so sad a heart that Marsh judged it best to say little to her on the road—particularly, as each reference by him to the events that had transpired during the past four hours caused fresh outbursts of grief.

She shuddered, and if possible her wan face became paler yet when they were passing the location of the murder. Involuntarily she exclaimed: "No, no! I will not, cannot believe my dear Mark guilty!"

"It is not strange that you feel so, my dear young lady," said Caleb. "You, with others, were deceived in his character. His flight should convince you."

"There is a mystery about it," replied Kate, "that time perhaps will one day reveal."

"I trust not," thought Caleb, "else I shall be placed in a very uncomfortable position."

Arrived at Elwood, he accompanied Kate to the house.

Mr. Ellis on seeing the face of his daughter, cried: "Child, you are not a bearer of good news! The boy has been held for murder!"

With a sob, the poor girl sank on her knees at his feet and her arms encircled his form: "He is not guilty, father, not guilty! You know that Mark could not have committed that crime!"

"But he was held!" moaned the farmer. "He is yet in a felon's cell!"

"Far from it," observed Caleb. "He broke jail and fled during the night. The coroner's jury found that the murder was committed by him, but the bird had flown."

"Broke jail and fled? My God, that tells the tale! Innocent, he would not have done that. He could not have been driven away!"

"Precisely!" exclaimed Caleb. "I think," he added, "that even Horton became convinced. He was there, and left with the body of his partner on the eleven o'clock accommodation."

"What, with no word in regard to taking up your mortgages?"

"None, neighbor, none! With his partner murdered and Mark Perry a fugitive criminal, you could hardly expect him to be further interested in the matter. Especially as the ten thousand dollars that Baily brought with him for that purpose has gone with his murderers."

"Murderers?"

"Why, yes. It is supposed that Mark had an accomplice, and that that accomplice aided in his escape. Your daughter will tell you all about it. I accompanied her to the house to assure you again that I would extend the mortgages for another year—something may happen in that time. Arthur may return with means and clear your farm. I don't want you to suffer, neighbor, while I can extend a helping hand. I know you need money and I know you are honest—now here is a hundred dollars. I offered it to Kate last night, but she didn't feel that she could accept it. She said you were owing too much already. Never mind that, neighbor, it's secured. Now for this hundred I want no security. It's just a friendly loan to carry you along until you find better days. When it is gone you shall have more."

"I—I don't know," began the farmer.

"Tut, tut; take it, man—take it! Your daughter can find use for it. If you never pay it, it is a duty done."

"Pay it? When Arthur comes home, Caleb——"

"Yes, yes! Take it, neighbor. I know you didn't expect it from me, but as I have said before, there are worse men than Caleb Marsh."

"Father!" exclaimed Kate. "I feel that you should not take that money from Mr. Marsh. I appreciate his generosity, but there is too much uncertainty as to repaying it."

"I will trust to the uncertainty, Miss Kate," said Caleb. "You and your father can't live on air."

"True, Marsh, true, and my daughter needs many articles that a young girl should have. I will take it, Marsh, in the spirit in which it is offered, and God bless you! When Arthur comes home it shall be repaid, and with interest."

"That is sensible. Well, good day, I must be going."

"You have no doubt of Mark's guilt, Caleb?"

"Humph! Not now, neighbor. Why, the jailer heard him admit his guilt last night. His testimony alone would have condemned him, and Mark knew it; but Miss Kate will tell you all about it. Good-by! I shall call again in a day or two. You shall not want for a friend—no, nor a dollar, only don't think hard of Marsh."

"Hard of you, Caleb?" exclaimed the farmer, as he extended his hand. "You have proved to be my best friend. Good day."

After Marsh had taken his departure, Kate related to her father all the events of the day so far as she knew—stating her grief and surprise at not seeing Mr. Horton again, and concluding with the words: "Father, Mark is not guilty of this crime. Some day it will be made apparent, and until then I shall wait and hope. Mark's promised bride will be true to him."

"Folly, daughter, folly!" exclaimed the old man. "He will probably be recaptured and die on the gallows. You have had a narrow escape. Never mention his name again in my presence. We should thank God for such a friend as Caleb Marsh!"

Next week's Ledger will contain another installment of this highly interesting story. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns free or one of our King Cameras. Note our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

No Such Luck.

His Wife—Do you think talking will ever become a lost art?

Her Husband—Not during your sojourn on earth, my dear

Holding Down a Claim.

"Yes," sighed the lonesome-looking pilgrim, "Yes, I'm late of Dakota. Thet country has been my only school. It was there I larned to cuss an' do without whisky. Years ago I pitched my tent in the Okobojo valley. An' of all the billy-be-cussed holes in a doubly berated land, thet Okobojo valley, is the durndest. Bein' a valley, I thought I was gittin' bottom land, but they wa'nt no bottom, most places.

"I put in a crop of wheat. The bunch grass was a leetle discouragin' to a tenderfoot. The plow hed to be filed sharp as a razor to cut the roots off an' then it jest skun off like a 2 by 14 plank. I see a feller once jest hitch his mules to a furrer half a mile long, an' pull it clean off the farm.

"I hed 100 acres plowed in bunch grass an' a big wind came along an' took the whole layout away. It left the land as smooth as a billiard table an' hard as a life-insurance agent's face.

"But, of course, in spots where they ain't no bunch grass ner gumbo, you kin git enough dust to plug up most of the sun-cracks temporary—till the seed gets a holt anyway.

"An' when you do git the wheat in! Man! Man! How she do grow! Why, say, as long as the winter moisture holds out thet wheat jest hustles. Rank an' blue—an' ye can see her come, jest a-waggin' her head till she is up about a foot, an' thinkin, of growin' a head of grain—when, bingo! Hail, rain, wind, fire an' bricks! An' when the smoke clears away, they ain't nothin' left but sun-cracks. I quit tryin' to raise wheat.

"An' all this time, gentlemen, the days jest blazed an' blazed, hotter an' hotter. But pretty soon she quit. O, joy! Sich a relief! My, my! Sich a autumn! Sich a moonlight, like day! Sich a starlight, like a dream of Heaven! Sich mild an' sweet tranquility! Sich soft an' beautiful stillness! Gentlemen, if I could hev died then, I might hev stood a chanst of Heaven—a'most. Sich holy thoughts sprouted up inside me, sich yearnin's fer the good I might hev been, sich throbbin' sorrer for the bad I was! If I could hev died then—but I couldn't.

"No. I spiled it all when the winter set in. Winter come with both hands an' feet, an' also elbows, knees an' head. No honor about gougin', bitin' ears off or hittin' below the belt.

"The first sign of winter I hed was the ol' cow freezin' to death while I was tryin' to twist milk outen her. When I touched her she was hard as iron. Yes, gentlemen, froze so tarnal hard thet she went 'ding-dong' when I hit her with a shovel, jest like she was made of steel. I knowed thet it was time to batten the cracks fer a cold snap.

"Then, after thet, it set in really cold. I hed an old collie dog thet hed melted an' spread out thet summer, an' when it turned cold he jest congealed thetaway, so I used him fer a blanket all winter. Yes, it got some cold. Froze the flames in the stove so the fool fire hed to hev a blanket wrapped round it to keep it warm. Froze a little sunbeam thet leaked through the winder, an' the blame thing was in the way of movin' about. Froze the air in the shack an' it all clattered down in a heap on the floor. Froze the wind outside so hard it hit the shack like a runaway freight car.

"Then it started to snow, an' covered the whole place under about 50 feet of hard snowbank. O, no, it wa'n't none too cold in Dakota—never is.

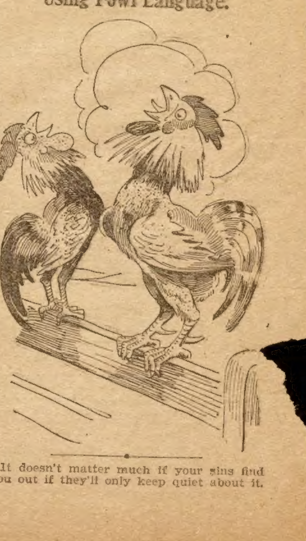
"Of course, thet warmed things up in the shack. The fire thew out an' singed the blanket afore I got it off—the blame ongrateful stuff!

"Course I couldn't git heat enough to cook nothin'. Jess' swallered the victuals froze, an' stood by the fire till they thew out. Chopped up the ol' cow an' et her thetaway. Fuel give out. I started burnin' furniture, then burned the shack. Snow stud all round an' overhead. Didn't need no shack, nohow. Stable went the same way.

"Then the thew came. I went to sleep in a nice snowhouse, woke up out on the dry prairie without a blame thing in sight but my ol' mules a-standin over where the stable hed been, an' the medder larks was singin' fit to bust theirselves.

"That's the way spring comes in thet sweet land."

Using Fowl Language.



It doesn't matter much if your sins find you out if they'll only keep quiet about it.

BETTY'S MASQUERADE.

BY JAMES FORSTER.

Betty took her suit case from the porter and mounted the station steps to the street. Evidently no one had come to meet her, so she started up the street. The suit case was not heavy; not as heavy as it had been in town, it seemed, and it was not such a long walk to the house.

Still it was rather hard that no one should have met her when she had given up her theatrical career to come home and keep house for the boys.

Probably Ned Haskam would think she had come home on account of him, but she would show him. Her lips closed firmly together and she gripped the handle of the suit case more tightly.

She had always disliked him since he had criticised her for going on the stage. He had declared she would be back before the end of the first year. She was; but it was not on account of him. It was because the boys had found that they could not keep house alone.

She wondered at the sensation her appearance excited. Men stared at her with interest and even turned to address her. Perhaps they knew that she had been an actress. That made her none the less a woman entitled to respect. The notice she attracted caused her to turn down a side street.

Just as she rounded the corner she almost ran into Ned. He gasped at the sight of her, then his eyes fell upon the suit case, the look of gladness faded from his face, and, with a formal bow, he passed on.

This was the final straw. Betty turned and called after him.

He swung back in response to her call, the same look of gravity and disapproval upon his face.

"Can you tell me where the boys are?" she asked. "There was no one at the station to meet me and—it was all just horrid. All the men stared at me as though I was a freak."

"Not to be wondered at under the circumstances. As you seem to be in difficulties, may I be of assistance? That suit case seems heavy."

He possessed himself of it in the old, masterful way, despite her protests, and fell into step beside her.

"You haven't told me about the boys yet," she remarked. "Is any one ill?"

"I don't think they expected you," he said. "I saw Jack and Will this morning. They were going over to Ransome on the train. Gus must be home."

"I guess they told Gus to meet me," she smiled. "Gus would forget his wife, let alone his sister. Do you find me much changed?"

"I thought that you looked very well," he said, trying to hold his voice steady. He had already assured himself that she was more attractive than ever, and he was trying to keep that fact out of his mind.

"But why do they stare at me as though I were a circus parade?" she demanded. "I had to come down the back way to get rid of the silly flirts."

"Possibly it was the suit case," he suggested.

"But suit cases are not so uncommon," she persisted. "What is unusual about mine?"

"The label," he explained as he swung the case around that she might see the ends.

A strip of white paper printed in red bore the legend:

"Rialto Raindears"
"Theatre."

Nearby on the fence a lurid poster left no doubt in her mind as to the sort of organization it was. She gasped and turned red.

"But I'm not in burlesque," she insisted. "I've come to stay with the boys."

"That company plays here tomorrow night. Probably they are at Bridgeton tonight. Were they on the train with you?"

"There was a girl who had part of my section for awhile. And everybody thought that I had come back with a company like that?" she demanded with a gesture toward another of the offending posters.

"The evidence seems to be against you," he reminded. "I thought when I first saw you that——"

"And that was why you went right by?"

"I could not understand it," he explained. "I was hurt and disappointed. I thought you had done it to shock me."

"I think I shocked myself," she said, as her eyes filled. "Here I was, giving up my career to come home and help the boys out and then have this happen!"

"It can be easily explained," he comforted. "At any rate you are home."

He led the way into the familiar gate and the forgetful Gus came rushing out, all apology and regret. It created a diversion and Ned had hidden the suit case in the dark hall and sat down to share the chat that occupied Gus until he realized that perhaps Betty was hungry.

Left alone with Ned, she was thankful for the ring at the doorbell that broke the tete-a-tete. A policeman stood on the step.

"I want that handbag you carried off," he explained. "We got a telephone message from Bridgeton about it, and one of the boys said you had it."

"How about my case?" she asked eagerly.

"The other's got it. She'll bring it on tomorrow when she comes."

With a feeling of thankfulness, Betty turned over the offending suit case. "I'm glad that's out of the way before the boys saw it," she said briskly. "I'll get mine tomorrow."

"Then you have given up the stage?" Ned said, "for good and all?"

"For good and all," she repeated. "I was doing very nicely, too, with a good stock company."

"You cannot tell what a shock it was when I saw that bag," he said reminiscently. "I had not heard that you were coming home, and when you turned the corner with that label in plain view I thought that my hope had gone."

"It has," she snapped. "If you are that narrow about my having been on the stage, you needn't hope anything. It doesn't matter whether I was in burlesque or not."

"Forgive me," he cried. "I did not mean to hurt you, dear."

"If you thought for a moment that I could wear those horrid clothes," she sobbed. "I don't want to ever see you again."

"I don't think it would have mattered," he explained. "I'm a prig, Betty, I didn't realize it until I spoke. I didn't mean it, dear. Won't you forgive me?"

"I came here to keep house for the boys," said Betty, decidedly. "I didn't come home to marry you."

"You can keep house for all of us," he suggested. "Won't you make me one of the boys?"

"Perhaps," she said, slowly. "It does seem so good to be home that I don't want to be hateful the first day."

"Or any other day," he suggested.

"Well, especially this. And I did count on seeing you and then you were so mean——"

"And so were you," he smiled, "to come masquerading into town like that."

"Perhaps I was," she admitted. "Let—let's——"

"Kiss and make up," he completed. "Only don't let's have any more masquerades."

"Not in those costumes," shuddered Betty, remembering the bills.

Dignity of a Hog Thief.

In North Carolina are some of the highest types of manhood. One of the natives, however, was caught stealing his neighbor's hogs, which was a mania with him. He often stole his neighbor's hogs, but they had pity on him from time to time. Finally he stole too many hogs, and he was brought up for trial and convicted. He was then commanded by the judge to stand up before him for sentence, and the judge made the following request of him:

"You have been clearly convicted of stealing your neighbor's hogs. I could send you to the penitentiary for 10 years for this offense. A strong petition has been sent in by all your neighbors that you be acquitted so that you can return home to your family. They say that you are a good neighbor, with this exception—that you will steal hogs. You have a wife and several little children. They will be thrown upon the county for support if you are sent to the penitentiary. They ask that you be allowed to return home. I have carefully considered this petition, and have decided that if you will sign this pledge to steal no more hogs as long as you live you may return. What is your answer?"

The man drew himself up to his full height, and fire flashed from his eyes as he replied: "Jedge, do you think that I, bein' a citizen of the noble State of North Carolina, a free-born citizen, am a-gwine to sign away my liberty? No, siree! Not me!"

More Appropriate.

Scribbles—Did you read my hog story in the current issue of Blank's Magazine?

Dribbles—I read a hog story, but your name wasn't signed to it.

Scribbles—Of course not. I considered a pen name more appropriate.

Modern Journalism.

New Man—What shall I say about Mr. Goodwin's project?

Able Editor—See what the miserable sheet across the way says about it, and then take the other side.

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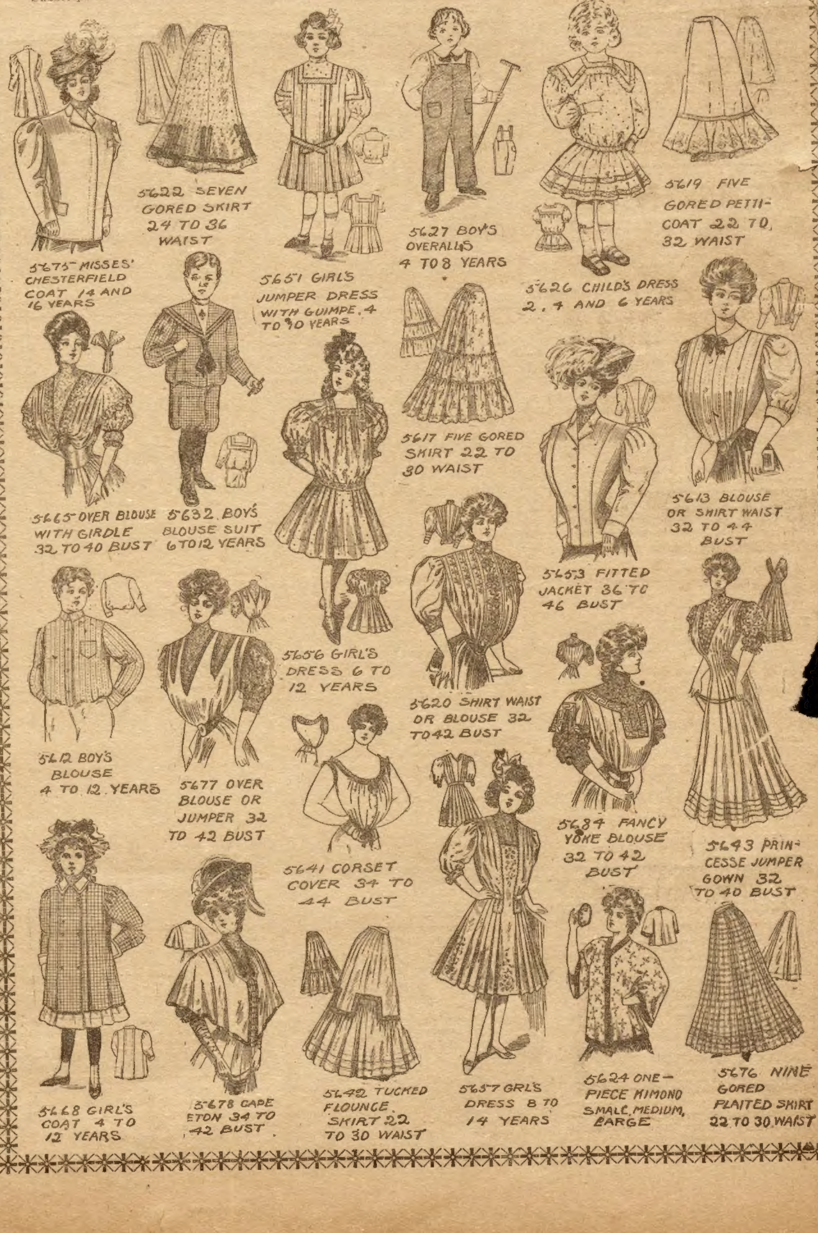
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

WHEN THE MAN LEFT THE MOON.

A little balloon
Went up in the sky;
Sailing and sailing
Ever so high.

The man in the moon
Reached down his long arm;
Seized hold of balloon,
But did it no harm.

Then away through the air
The old man did fly,
Leaving the moon
Alone in the sky.

The moon grew so lonely,
She wept and she cried;
Her heart broke at last,
And then she just died.

And so you may hear
The earth's people say,
"The moon is quite dead,"
But how many know, pray.

That her poor heart did break
When her man went away
In that little balloon
On that far agone day.

His Head in a Can.

Even a foxhound, whose business end lies in his nose, must have remarkable powers of scent to find his way five miles through the woods when his head is stuck in a tin can. At least that is the way Bert Whitman, of Sherburne, Vt., looks at it, and he is very proud of his dog Spark.

Spark went hunting recently with his master, and when it became dusk he was still running a crafty old reynard high up on the side of Pico Mountain. There was no catching the hound and no calling him off, so Whitman left him to return home when he got ready. Frequently he had packed his gun down the mountain while the hound was still bellowing on a hot scent, and he had no fear as to his showing up along in the night.

At 10 o'clock, when there were no signs of Spark, Whitman left the kitchen door ajar, placed a big pan of mush and soup bones on the floor and went to bed. Three hours later he was awakened by a clattering in the kitchen and a moment later the hound, with his head stuck in a two-gallon milk can, waddled erratically into the bedroom. To say that the animal's master was surprised is putting it mildly. At first he wasn't sure that it was his dog, but when he spoke Spark thumped his tail and tried to crawl into the bed.

It was necessary to use a can opener to free the dog, and the job required something like fifteen minutes. All this time Spark stood perfectly still, but the moment he was released he made for his supper and ate as though famished. The animal probably found the can near some old camp, for it was covered with rust. Doglike, he investigated the interior with the hope of finding food and couldn't remove his head. He must have found his way home by scent, as it was impossible for him to see through the can bottom.

She Loves Boys.

Best of all the world, Helen Gould loves boys. You may know it by the caressing tenderness with which her white hand rests on the heads of those little lads at Woodycrest with that in the touch that is a lingering recollection of the love with which she has always cherished her own youngest brother, says a writer in Broadway Magazine. And you may know it by the blind man's buff that she plays with the boys of her Sunday school class in her Fifth avenue drawing room and by the romping games of tag that she leads them over the sunlit lawns of Lyndhurst.

This, her country estate, covers 600 acres overlooking the Palisades of the Hudson, and here she is the Lady Bountiful for the adjacent towns of Irvington and Tarrytown. Her own stately stone palace, with graceful towers and mullioned windows, rises among the oaks and linden trees, a beautiful specimen of Elizabethtown architecture. Within view is the building that she has fitted for a sewing and cooking school for girls. Two miles distant is the $40,000 clubhouse that she has built for boys and young men. And along a winding road through the forest is reached her Woodycrest home for street waifs sent her from the missions in New York.

Dog Steals Rides.

A sagacious dog is able to beat the railroads and the anti-pass legislation if men cannot, says the Boston Herald.

A story is told by railroad men about a dog which boards passenger trains on the Boston & Maine and, concealing himself under a seat, rides to Boston. After a run about the streets of the city, frequenting his favorite haunts, he returns to the North Station, plays his trick once again and lands home safe and happy. How he is able to pick out the right trains and why he does not get aboard an express and get carried by his home station is a mystery.

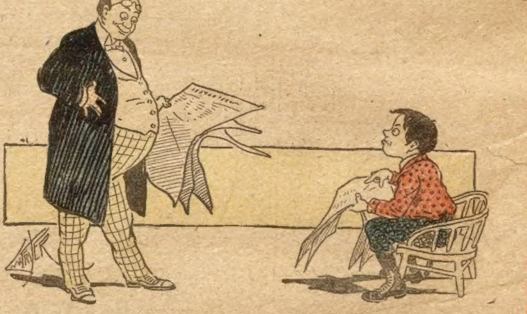
A Clever Pony.

Last fall a boy 14 years old in the county of Kent, England, bought a pony for $10, the animal being lame and sick and supposed to be on its last legs. The lad was laughed at for making such a bargain, but it turned out to be anything but a poor one.

The pony not only recovered his health and spirits, but one night in January he alarmed the household by neighing and kicking in his stable, and the people were aroused to find the roof of the house on fire. The flames were subdued after some hard work, and the loss was not great, but it was agreed that a delay of ten minutes more would have seen the fire beyond control, and caused a loss of thousands of dollars. Perhaps we may yet discover that a pony makes a good policeman.

The Boy Who Fell Down.

At Ausburg in Bavaria, they have some curious laws and ordinances. An American family from Wisconsin were stopping there last December, and one of the sons, a boy 13 years old, slipped on the icy sidewalk one day. He was at once arrested and taken into court on the charge that he had fallen down to make trouble for other folks.



Son—The paper says that the defense rested. Why did the defense need a rest?
Papa—Because the prosecution made them tired.

It was held that when the boy fell down a number of people stopped to see if he had been hurt. Also, that the shopkeeper before whose door he had fallen felt humiliated over the circumstance. Also, that he frightened a horse. Also, that when a policeman came up he could not talk German to him. The case was tried in court, and the boy who fell down instead of standing up was fined $3.

THE "LION'S" SHARE.

The lion, jackal, wolf and fox
Went out among the hills and rocks
To hunt—so Aesop says—and caught
A fine young deer. Then first they thought
Of how they fairly might divide
So fine a meal. Who should decide
What share to each would rightly fall,
Since some were large and others small?

The lion was the first to speak,
For all his comrades looked so meek:
"Divide this deer in four," said he.
"O wise Judge!" cried the other three.
"Thanks, loyal friends. Since I am King,"
The lion said, continuing,
"Each one, I know, will call it fair
To grant me, your King, first share."

The three bowed low; the lion then
With dignity, remarked again:
"As judge, one-quarter falls to me."
And bowed, once more, less low, the three.
"As one who helped to catch the deer,
I'll have to take a share, I fear,
Now let him take the rest," said he,
"Who wants me for his enemy."

And thus the jackal, wolf and fox
Learned wisdom there among the rocks.

Conundrums.

Why is a dentist like a man swimming in a river?

He is always on the outlook for snags.

When is a man's heart like a cat's slumber?

When light.

What is it that is black and white, and still is read (red) all over?

A newspaper.

When is a stream of water like a man's nose?

When bridged.

Snow Shoes.

"Mamma, is it true that they wear snowshoes in Alaska?"

"Certainly, Teddie."

"Don't they melt when they go in the house?"

The Other Way.

If you were a German boy living in some old village over in Germany, and if you should discover that the house next door was on fire, you wouldn't grab for your cap, fall over chairs and rush out to yell "Fire!" and turn in an alarm.

If you did you'd be arrested. You would wait until certain that there was a fire, and then you would walk slowly out, ring the bell of the house, and when the good wife came to the door to see what was wanted you would take off your cap to her and say:

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Schneider, for disturbing you, but the fact is that your house is on fire and will be burned down if you don't do something."

Queen Alexandra's Cats.

Queen Alexandra owns several fine Chinchilla and Persian cats. Princess Alexander of Teck and Prince Maurice of Battenberg also possess valuable specimens, but the real cat fancier among the royal family of Great Britain is Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the only royal cattery is the one now established at Cumberland lodge. This has been arranged on the most up-to-date principles, and has curtained windows and a front door, with a knocker and letterbox. The portals are surmounted by a crown and the initials "V. S. H."

Sharp Mr. Fox.

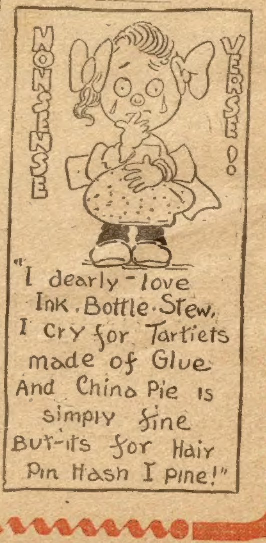
About a dozen farmers' boys in New Hampshire turned out one Saturday last winter to hunt down a fox that was known to have his lair in a hill. Reynard was finally routed out, and after leading the crowd a chase of ten miles he doubled back and his trail was lost near a certain farmhouse. Hunters and dogs beat around for two hours and then gave up.

When they had departed the fox left the house by a broken window. He had entered the same way and concealed himself in a chimney. There was a fireplace but no fire, and no one would have thought of looking for him up there. He was so covered with soot when he got out that he was taken for a black fox.

Raised Deer on Bottle.

Mrs. Nellie Smith, of Sebec, Maine, has a tame deer which is nearly 2 years old now, but which she has raised like a cosset lamb, feeding it from a bottle at first and making a great pet of it.

Freddie's Wish.

"Wish I was twins," said Freddie; "then I could have two pieces of pie."